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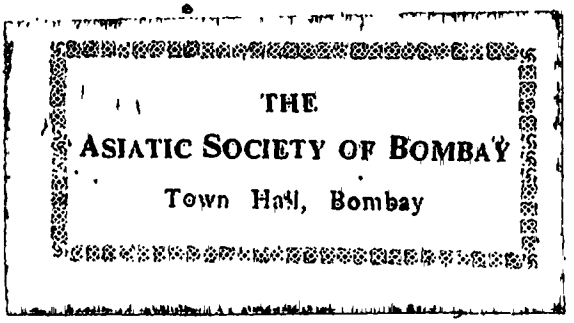

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HOCHELAGA;

OR,

ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF

"THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS."

38338

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

CIVILIZATION in its progress has ever followed the direction of light; it arose far Eastward; gradually it shone over Greece, then Rome; it culminates over Western Europe; and, even now, its morning light is upon America, while the land it first enlightened is sinking into darkness.

There seems to have been always an instinct in the minds of thoughtful men, that there was a great continent Westward; a New World, ready to receive the overflow of the burden of humanity that pressed upon the Old. "Atlantis" long ago expressed a consciousness of such a want, and a belief that it would be supplied. Strange to say, this prophetic

feeling was responded to by the inhabitants of the unknown world: among the wild and stern Mic-Macs of the North, and the refined and gentle Yncas of the South, a presentiment of their coming fate was felt. They believed that a powerful race of men were to come "from the rising sun," to conquer and possess their lands.

The theories of old Greece and Roman Spain became stories; stories became tradition; tradition became faith, and Columbus assumed his mission: in him the old "Westering" instinct amounted to an inspiration; he burst his way through the Unknown to the known; he revealed to us a world rich in all that we required, a world abounding in capabilities, deficient only in mankind.

Then the necessity of the Old World found relief; Europe rushed forth to colonize — each nation according to its character — leaving for ever the stamp of that character impressed upon its colony. Spaniards, led to the New World by the lust of gold, soon sacrificed *their* America to slavery. Englishmen led thither by the

love of liberty, consecrated *their* new soil to Freedom. ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD was England still; striving, earnest, honest, and successful. A mistake in policy changed Englishmen into Yankees, but British blood, and, for the most part, British principles, remained.

These we bequeathed to our revolted colony: retiring Northward, we were content to rest our Western Empire on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the modern Canada,—the ancient HOCHELAGA.

It is not only where our banners wave, where our laws protect, where our national faith assures, that we are to look for "England in the New World." In the minds of our brethren of the United States, in their institutions, in their actions, in their motives—there—everywhere that our language is spoken—we can trace our own.

And such is the object of this work: its Author speaks of Canada with almost affection—of the United States with cordiality—but his chief interest throughout, is the relation that these countries bear

to his own; the influence that the latter exercises upon them.

Let not the reader suppose, however, that these volumes contain mere political essays; the Author has rightly judged that the picture of a people is best given by traits of daily life, of the humour, the poetry, and the passions that characterize them.

It is not the province of an Editor to criticize, it is not his privilege to praise, but he may be generously excused for saying a few words in behalf of an adopted work, that has had none of the advantages of paternal care.

The Author is far away, in the lands of which these volumes treat; but every page will tell that his heart is still at home. The name of England, her prosperity, her character for honour and righteous dealing, are dearer to the lonely traveller than his own. Here, in the calm shelter of our English homes, this lover-like feeling may seem dormant; there is nothing to strike the fire from the flint: but, in other lands, among the jealous strictures of rival nations, the feeling is ever pre-

dominant: let it be pardoned to the Author, if it should seem too prominent. His nationality has at least never betrayed him into an ungenerous remark upon Americans; he acknowledges their virtues, he rejoices in their prosperity, he confesses their power; but he fearlessly laughs at their foibles, and denounces their crimes.

One word more, and the Editor leaves Hochelaga to be judged on its own merits. This work—whatever else it may be—*is* work: it contains no hastily-written, crude impressions, but the deeply-tested convictions of an earnestly-inquiring mind. The first few chapters may not seem to argue this; but in books, as in conversations, our national habits of reserve seem to exercise their influence: on first introduction to the reader, a light and general tone will generally be found in English works, that only deepens into earnestness and confidence as we proceed: we create, or hope to create, sympathies, and on these we lean more confidently as we trust that they increase.

The Editor would fain be permitted one word of

apology for the office he has undertaken. He is far from presuming on the kind reception he has gratefully experienced from the public, by supposing that his name would be a recommendation to these volumes. But it seemed essential that an anonymous work, so full of assertions and statements, should have some name, however humble, to be responsible for their tone and truth. That responsibility the Editor undertook for his friend with confidence, before he had perused his pages; he now maintains it with pride.

In a word—as a humble friend may be the means of introducing an eminent stranger to society, the Editor takes the liberty of presenting to the public a work far worthier than his own.

E. W.

105, Piccadilly, London.
July, 1846.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I SHALL not here enter into a list of apologetic reasons for publishing the following pages. Although I feel very strongly the necessity of laying them before my own mind, there is not the slightest use in presenting them to the reader. That I have published, is the only thing which can possibly concern him, and that probably in the minutest degree.

No one ever yet toiled through a dull work in consideration of the appeals or entreaties of an unknown author. It suffices that the book is there; if it be liked, no apologies are due—if not, a volume of them would not make it more entertaining and instructive.

The visits to North America—the subject of this book—extended over somewhat less than two years. I have adopted the form of a continuous journey, to give a sort of regularity to very disjointed matter. Several of the places mentioned, I have visited on various occasions; at a few, chiefly in Canada, I remained stationary for some time.

For this magnificent country I retain a feeling of regard and interest inferior only to that for England. I pray that I may not live to see the time, when another flag replaces the Red Cross of St. George upon the citadel of Quebec.

Some ten years ago, in a season of mutual misunderstanding, there were not a few in England and in Canada who wished to sever the connecting tie. Since then, a generous but determined policy, on the one hand, and a wholesome re-action on the other, have produced a salutary change; all are now too much alive to their real interests to entertain the thought. To make the probabilities of separation even a subject of discussion, is attended with much mischief: it unsettles men's minds, renders Englishmen chary of investing their capital

in Canada, and encourages the ambitious views of our annexing neighbours. It is vain to think of it: the British Government have expended, of late years, very large sums, in improving the communications, and strengthening the military defences of the country. They have announced their determination to incur the hazards of war before sacrificing their claim to a remote dependency of this magnificent province. Rather than surrender the North American portion of her empire, England will risk her existence as a nation. A vast majority of her subjects in this country* are ready to stand by her to the last.

It is my earnest wish to assist, as far as my feeble voice can be heard, in giving our English people at home a more intimate knowledge of our "England in the New World;" of its climate and capabilities; of the condition of its inhabitants; of their social habits and amusements. Numbers of books have been already written on this country;* mine is not to supply any want, but simply as one more—as further testimony to the interest of the subject.

* Canada.—Ed.

With regard to the United States, I have done my utmost to attain a correct view of their general progress and the state of their people. Many of my observations may, perhaps, be distasteful to an American reader; but this is a penalty which every stranger who ventures an honest opinion must incur. I heard a very intelligent, well-informed man, connected with a periodical of considerable reputation at New York, assert that all English writers are bought up by the Aristocracy, and, therefore, that they speak disparagingly of America and her institutions. If my friend should ever happen to peruse these volumes, he will scarcely accuse the Aristocracy of having invested much capital in suborning me.

I was astonished at the general prosperity of the Americans, their industry and skill, the vast resources of their country, and their advance in all the useful arts of life. In most, if not all, of these, they stand first among the nations of the earth. I will not say they inspired me with affection or admiration, but they did inspire me with wonder. Their Institutions appear excellently well adapted to their situation and character

at present, in many essential respects; but I consider them to be inapplicable and odious to other countries, or even to the probable future condition of their own.

They possess many great virtues, but not generally those which attract. Their well-directed reason may be far better than mere generous impulse; but it does not touch the heart. Whatever esteem the traveller may entertain, he will scarcely bear away with him much warmth of feeling towards them as a people.

On many subjects I have obtained information from other works, which it would be tedious to enumerate here. Some American publications on Oregon have been of much assistance to me; but I chiefly speak from what I learned from people who had been resident in the country.

I am now at a great distance from England. This manuscript is committed to a kind and gifted friend, who will direct its publication. For your sake and mine, kind reader, would that a portion of that friend's genius could be infused into its pages!

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HOCHELAGA;

OR,

ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

ABOUT the middle of July 1844, I found myself suddenly obliged to embark from Chatham, for Canada, on board an uncomfortable ship, a very unwilling passenger. In a middle-aged man, of quiet bachelor habits, such a voyage to a strange country, at a few hours' notice, was a most disagreeable necessity. I soon, however, made up my mind and my packages, and, before the afternoon was much advanced, started from London.

It was dark when I arrived at Chatham, and went on board; there was a whistling wind and a drizzling rain, the decks between the heaps of

luggage and merchandize, were wet, dirty, and slippery, reflecting dismally the light of the consumptive-looking lamps, carried about by the condemned spirits of this floating purgatory. There was evidently a great number of passengers on board, of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Perched on a pile of baggage, were a number of soldiers, going out to join their regiments in Canada, with their hard-favored wives, poorly and insufficiently clad: but, despite the coarse and travel-worn dress and rude appearance of these poor women, I saw in them during the voyage many traits of good and tender feeling: the anxious care of their little ones, rearing them so fondly to their doom of poverty and toil; their kindness to each other, sharing their scanty covering and scantier meals. The wretched can feel for the wretched, the poor are rich in heart, to give.

My cabin had lately been repaired, and looked very miserable; the seams of the deck were filled with new pitch, which stuck pertinaciously to my boots. The den had evidently just been washed, and was still damp enough to charm a hydropathist; the port-hole window was open to air it. Threats, bribes, and entreaties, in course of time

procured me the necessary portions of my luggage; soon after, half undressed, and wholly wretched, I crept into my berth; and, being too wise to remain awake under such very unpleasant circumstances, I in a few minutes adopted the alternative.

The crowing of an early-rising cock awoke me next morning. From that time there was no hope of sleep; it seemed the signal to let Bedlam loose. Every conceivable description of clatter followed; scouring decks, lugging boxes, rattling chains, sailors swearing, and soldiers quarrelling.

It was scarcely dawn when I looked out of my little window; through the grey twilight the shadowy forms of steeples and houses by degrees became distinct and solid. The sun, not to take us by surprise with his pleasant visit, reddened up the gilt weathercock of the church spire, then reflected himself back cheerfully from the windows, and, at length, with lavish hand, spread bright young morning over the country around. In a little time a soft breeze carried away the early mist in the direction we had to travel.

The main cabin was in the same damp, uncomfortable state as our sleeping apartments; in the corners, boxes and baskets containing our sea stock were heaped up in such height and breadth as

to make the strait between them and the table so narrow that there was barely room for me to squeeze my portly person through. An irregular sort of breakfast was on the table; round it were seated the greater number of the cabin passengers, all, evidently, between the mouthfuls of toast and butter, examining each other with great attention, setting down in their minds the result of their scrutiny, in prejudices for and against their neighbours.

There was a tall, thin, good-looking clergyman, who, having been ordained in England, was going to enter on his duties in Canada; and a very shrewd-faced Irish attorney, for Newfoundland, where we were to touch on the way. This part of the cargo was, however, neutralised by an honest, open-hearted merchant and his good humoured wife, from the same country, and with the same destination. Two gentlemen for Quebec; for Montreal, a Jew, whose face was like the reflection of a handsome countenance in a convex mirror; a thoughtful-looking, well-bred captain; a rattling, mischievous youth, his lieutenant; a quiet, handsome young ensign; and a Scotch doctor, belonging to the detachment of soldiers: these, with a middle-aged widow and her only child, a sickly boy of ten

or twelve years of age, both in deepest mourning, formed the remainder of the party. The story of this family was a sad one. The lady was a Canadian, and had married a civil officer in her own country. After some years, he was unfortunately promoted to a valuable appointment in China; set out immediately for the place of his new employment, and, on his arrival, wrote for his wife and child. They sailed, full of hope and happiness, thinking nothing of their voyage half round the world, for the sake of the fond and anxious one who awaited them at its end. Nearly six months passed before their arrival. The march of the deadly pestilence was not so slow; they found but a new made grave where they had expected a happy home; so the widow and orphan turned wearily to seek again the land of their birth, thousands of miles away.

This pale boy was all in all to her. Hers was a love of faith and hope; she never doubted that in fulness of time he would grow to be great and good, and pay her back the debt of tenderness and care. She was the only person who did not see that the shadow of death was upon him.

I speedily became acquainted with every body on board. Perhaps it was owing to my sleek and comfortable appearance that they concluded I was

the fittest person to undertake the caterer's department for the cabin; it turned out that I had one qualification for the duty in which all the rest were deficient—that of being weak enough to take it. Every one knows the weight of obloquy which falls upon the man in office, when there is no fat on the sirloin, or the legs of the fowl have the flavour and consistency of guitar strings. It is impossible to divest people of the idea that, by some inexplicable ingenuity, and for some inscrutable object of his own, he has purposely caused these imperfections.

My prime minister was a black cook; my kingdom, animal and vegetable; my subjects three or four gaunt sheep in the launch, and, under the forecastle, a couple of pigs, whose appearance and habits of living justified our Israelitish friend's anxiety that there should be more solidity than usual in the side dishes when a chine of pork was at the head of the table.

On the poop were several rows of coops, a sort of charitable institution for superannuated geese and ducks, and, in the list of sea stock furnished by the eminent outfitter at the west-end, was the item, six dozen chickens. These were represented by a grave assemblage of patriarchal cocks and venerable

hens; among the former I speedily recognized, by his voice, the bird whose voice in the morning, like fire to a train, had set going the din so fatal to my slumbers. I promptly ordered his execution; he, however, amply revenged himself on those who tried to eat him the next day.

While I was thus entering on my official duties, the crew were not neglectful of their part of the business. The sails were shaken out, the anchor weighed, and the voyage commenced by running aboard of a merchant ship moored a little ahead of us. On this occasion I made a philological observation, which subsequent experience has only tended to strengthen—that the language used by sailors, under difficulties, is more worthy of imitation for terseness and vigour than for its elegance and propriety.

With a fair and gentle breeze we floated lazily down the river; the principal objects of interest we passed being the splendid ships of war, now lying dismasted and harmless, but ready, when the Lords of the Admiralty play their Frankenstein and breathe on them the breath of life, for any mission of destruction.

We pass Sheerness, roll in the Downs, enter the Channel, think and say every thing that people

usually think and say on leaving England, and go to bed.

The description of one day in the voyage suits for all. A seven o'clock breakfast opened the proceedings; at eight, a very small trumpeter sounded for the soldiers' parade; a couple of hours' vigorous walking on the deck preceded luncheon; then, as twelve approached, we all assembled on the poop, while the master took his observations; then, great coats and cloaks turned the coops into sofas, and reading and sunshine kept us quiet till three, when dinner—the hour of my trial, and the delight of grumblers—interrupted our literary pursuits. We established a community of books; and, before the voyage was half over, Robinson Crusoe and Paul and Virginia were as much thumbed as if they had been fashionable novels in a circulating library.

The next re-union was of a select few on the forecastle, with cigars and pipes, a chat with the sailors, and a sharp look out for porpoise, whale, or strange ship, or any other monster of the deep. Our friend, the noisy lieutenant, used always to appear in the latter character at that period of the day. He had a strong nautical inclination, which he indulged by arraying himself in a suit of sailor's garments, which would have been invaluable to

Mr. T. P. Cooke: a red flannel shirt, trousers and jacket of blue pilot cloth, an oilskin hat, with a clay pipe stuck in the band; nor was a clasp knife tied round his waist with a lanyard, forgotten, to complete his costume. Some of the others played at shuffleboard, fenced, wrestled, or exercised themselves laboriously on gymnastic poles.

It is soon time for tea, the widow doing the honours; after that, the hot water and lemons, with little bright glass bottles, and a snappish argument between the Irish attorney and the Montreal Jew; a quiet talk with the clergyman and the captain, a rubber of whist, a chess-board, and words of courtesy and kindness to the widow.

Sometimes, when the evening was very fine, we went on deck, and listened to wonderful narratives of the soldiers and sailors, and quaint ditties with overgrown choruses. One of the topmen had a splendid voice; *he* was the *beau ideal* of an English seaman, active, good-tempered, handsome, and full of fun:—a favourite with all.

There was among the passengers a family of three brothers and a sister, from the north of Ireland, about to settle in Canada; they were hardy, serious, respectable people, having some little capi-

tal in money and goods, with their own strong arms and honest hearts to depend upon; the class of people of all others the most useful in a colony. They, too, used to sing for us at times; they knew but one kind of music, and that best suited to their powerful, but harsh and untrained voices. Many a cunning stage arrangement might have failed to give the deep effect which lay in their solemn, stern, Presbyterian hymns.

Then came another pipe, seasoned with discussion on what passed for events in the day, a little moralizing, and always a rigid examination of the conduct of that constant offender, the weather, and then we slept.

One night, when we were off the coast of Ireland, the wind freshened up, and the clouds thickened ominously. The next morning dawned upon a gale of wind; the sea had risen a good deal, and the ship rolled sufficiently to account for the very small party at breakfast. The storm was against us, blowing with increasing violence that day and night, and the next day. Nearly all the passengers were sick, and the sailors were doing their work in a quiet, steady way, that shewed they were in earnest.

At about five in the afternoon, the clouds seemed

to have been all blown up together into one dense mass of dark and threatening gloom, and, as if for miles round the wind had focussed to one spot, it burst upon the ship. The masts bent slowly down as she rose upon the wave, and the receding spray foamed among the spars. They must shorten sail; it seems madness to ascend the straining ropes, but no one hesitates: there is a moment's lull in the trough of the sea; some of the sailors are up already; our favourite, the topman, is first, busy with the reef of the maintopsail. The ship rises on the swell, and the storm roars through the shrouds again: the sheets snap like a thread; light as a cloud the canvass flies to leeward; a man is entangled in its ropes, borne away upon the wind; the mist closes over him—he is seen no more.

The tempest soon after subsided, without further mischief; when the weather cleared, we found ourselves close to the headland we had seen two days before: we had been travelling backwards and forwards, ten miles an hour, ever since. At the climax of the gale the noise had been so great, that many of those in their berths below thought we were assuredly lost. This conviction had very different effects upon different individuals; some pulled the bed-clothes over their heads, and lay in

shivering inactivity; others were so dreadfully ill, that death itself scarcely appeared a change for the worse. Not so our nautically-inclined lieutenant; he could no longer remain in doubt, and, determined to know the worst, emerged from the hatchway in full pirate costume, as he had lain down at the beginning of the storm. Sprawling on the deck, he looked out upon the sea: just at this moment a gigantic green wave, with a crest of foam, stood right over the ship; with a shout of terror, and an expression of face, in which fright had overcome starvation and sea-sickness, he rushed across the deck, grasping at the stanchion under the poop, the first support he could lay hold of, twining his arms and legs round it with a force no persuasions could relax; there he remained for two hours, a figure of fun never to be forgotten. The ship was soon put to rights, not having sustained any serious injury, and we went our way.

A whale was always an object of sufficient interest to collect us upon deck, and unmask a battery of telescopes. Our nearest view of one was under circumstances as advantageous to us as disagreeable to him. The ship was going through the water about four knots an hour when the monster overtook us: as we were travelling in the same direction,

there was ample opportunity for observing the state of his affairs. He was attacked by three threshers, formidable-looking fellows, about eight feet long, and had evidently much the worst of it, though he flourished his tail tremendously, flogging his track into a bloody foam. His enemies were most systematic in their attack; each in his turn threw himself out of the water, falling with full weight on the whale's head, thus, while it was above the surface, keeping up a continual hammering. It is said, but I am not pledged to the fact, that a sword-fish is always in league with these pursuers, poking the whale underneath with his sword, when sinking to avoid them; so that the poor victim is much in the situation of a member of the Church of England of the present day, as he swims in the sea of controversy—a blow from the Evangelical pulpit strikes him down, and a thrust from the "Tracts for the Times" drives him up again; the only difference is, that there is no bond of union amongst his assailants.

It is said that, in a chase of this kind, the quarry never escapes; the fish in question were far too busy to attend to us; they soon left us behind, and, may be worrying each other still, for all I know to the contrary.

That night was unusually mild and clear; and the young clergyman and I remained on deck long after the others had gone below; our talk was grave, but cheerful. There is something in the view of the material heavens at such a time, which always elevates the tone of feeling, and speaks to the heart of its highest hopes, sending you to rest with holy, happy thoughts: so it was with us. A few minutes before we parted, the bright full moon passed from behind a cloud, and straightway, from us to the far-off horizon, spread a track of pure and tremulous light over the calm sea. "This is not for us alone," said my companion; "every waking wanderer over the great deep sees this path of glory too. So, for each earnest heart upraised to heaven, a light from God himself beams upon the narrow way across the waste of life."

The wind seemed to blow for ever from the west; the only variety in our voyage was from one tack to the other. But we had a good ship, she was well handled, and her master never threw away a chance; so, in spite of all difficulties, we found ourselves within a short distance of land twenty-four days after sailing. It is almost unnecessary to add that there was a fog, and that so thick that we could scarcely see the bowsprit.

An observation had, however, been taken at mid-day, and, having great confidence in the knowledge of our exact position, we kept boldly on, till we distinctly heard breakers in front of us; by the time sail was shortened, we could hear this sound on either side. We were evidently in an indentation of the coast, quite near enough to the rocks to be unpleasant. Guns were fired for a pilot and to give notice of our approach, and a report from the shore returned a ready answer. At the same time the fog began to rise, first showing the long line of surf on three sides of us, then the abrupt and rugged cliffs. At length, the great curtain folded itself up for another time, and the scene upon the stage was, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The mind must be either above or below the usual motive influences of humanity, which does not feel a deep and stirring interest in the first view of the New World: though it be but a dim, faint shadow of what Plato's informant, or Prince Madoc, or Columbus experienced, when the sight of these vast lands, and simple, yet mysterious people, rewarded their almost superhuman venture.

"The splendour and the havoc of the East" are said to fill the mind of the beholder with sad and solemn meditation on the glories and wonders of countries,

whose degradation of to-day seems but the deeper from the relics of their former greatness: the cities and temples, of an extent and magnificence ever since unrivalled, crumbled into shapeless ruin, leaving scarce a trace of what they were; the sunny hills and pleasant valleys, exuberant with luxurious plenty, withered into deserts; the land where the wise men dwelt, and mighty captains governed, ruled over by craven, sensual slaves; the birthplace of an Eternal Hope, now but the grave of a departed glory. Over this page in the great chronicle of the world, is written the memory of the Past.

Then comes our Europe, with its very large towns, excellent gas lamps, highly efficient police, comfortable churches, with good stoves and ventilation; with its express trains, and well-regulated post-office, improved steam-boats, electric telegraphs, and electric agriculture, liberal education, and respectable governments. In all these we feel, and hear, and see, the reality of the Present.

Now we turn to the West. Over its boundless tracts of rich and virgin soil is spreading a branch of the most vigorous among the European families, bearing with them every means and appliance which the accumulated ingenuity of ages can

supply, and working them with quenchless energy. Steamers thrust themselves up unknown rivers; and lo! with the rapidity of a scenic change, the primeval forest yields to the bustling settlement.

In the tangled wilderness, where they can scarcely struggle through, the surveyors trace out the lines of cities, which, to-morrow, are to play the part of the Babylon of yesterday, and the London of to-day. They grow great, rich, and intelligent, not with the slow and steady step of older nations, but with a hurried stride; sometimes, perhaps, wandering a little from the straight path, but, guided by their destiny, still hastening on.

Imagination runs mad in picturing what they have yet to be. In their unacted history we read, plain as the hand-writing at Belshazzar's feast, the promise of the Future.

CHAPTER II.

NEWFOUNDLAND—THE ST. LAWRENCE.

So excellent was the land-fall we had made, that, when the fog cleared away, we found the bowsprit of the vessel pointing directly into the harbour of St. John's. The entrance is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and very difficult of access in bad weather or with unfavourable winds: it is walled in by rugged cliffs and barren-looking hills. The defences are respectable, but not formidable, works—one of them facing you as you approach, with watchful cannon pointing up the harbour. There is no bar or shoal, but some dangerous rocks embarrass the entrance; within, there is safe and commodious anchorage for any amount of shipping.

In trying to describe St. John's, there is some difficulty in applying to it an adjective sufficiently

distinctive and appropriate. We find other cities coupled with words, which at once give their predominant characteristic: — London the richest, Paris the gayest, St. Petersburg the coldest. In one respect the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may, therefore, call it the fishiest of modern capitals. Round a great part of the harbour are sheds, acres in extent, roofed with cod split in half, laid on like slates, drying in the sun, or rather the air, for there is not much of the former to depend upon. Those ships, bearing nearly every flag in the world, are laden with cod; those stout weatherly boats crowding up to the wharves, have just now returned from fishing for cod; those few scant fields of cultivation with lean crops coaxed out of the barren soil, are manured with cod; those trim, snug-looking wooden houses, their handsome furniture, the piano, and the musical skill of the young lady who plays it, the satin gown of the mother, the gold chain of the father, are all paid for in cod; the breezes from the shore, soft and warm on this bright August day, are rich, not with the odours of a thousand flowers, but of a thousand cod. Earth, sea, and air, are alike pervaded with this wonderful fish. There is only one place which appears to be kept sacred from its

intrusion, and strange to say, that is the dinner table; an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment, as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head-dish of Newcastle coals.

The town is irregular and dirty, built chiefly of wood; the dampness of the climate rendering stone unsuitable. The heavy rains plough the streets into water courses. Thousands of lean dogs stalk about, quarrelling with each other for the offal of the fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all directions: this is their recreation; their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally reside on the tops of the houses. A large fish oil factory in the centre of the town, fills it with most obnoxious odours.

There are many neat and comfortable houses in the vicinity, where the air, though a little foggy, is fresh and healthful. There are two church of England churches, one Wesleyan, and one Roman Catholic chapel. A large Roman Catholic cathedral is also being built. The churches of England and of Rome have each Bishops of Newfoundland.

The population of the island is one hundred thousand; one half are Roman Catholics, principally of Irish descent, or emigrants, the remainder of English race, and various creeds.

The trade of St. John's is very considerable; they export fish and oil, and receive in return nearly all the luxuries and necessaries of life; the annual exports and imports average more than a million and a half pounds sterling each in value, and are rapidly increasing. They get direct from Portugal, in exchange for their dried fish, port wine; with due deference to our English wine merchants, the best I have ever met.

The seal fisheries employ in the North Seas, numbers of active and experienced sailors from this port; their life is one of almost incredible hardship and danger, and subjects them to great alternations of abundance and distress.

Snow usually falls in the beginning of December, and continues till the end of April; but there are frequent thaws in the mean time. Through the winter there is a constant succession of storms, the lakes and many of the bays and rivers are frozen over, and all internal communication is by sleighs.

The colony is under the authority of a governor,

who is assisted by a Legislative and Executive council of nine members. There is also a House of Representatives, elected by almost universal suffrage, consisting of fifteen delegates, not always selected for very high qualities. Indeed, some people are illiberal enough to imagine that the affairs of the country would not materially suffer if honourable members for such important constituencies as those of Kiddy Viddy Cove or Starvation Creek, were to direct their attention to cod-fishing instead of legislation.

The most thriving settlements besides the capital, are Carbonear, Harbour Grace, and Petit Harbour, all towns on the sea coast.

If St. John's be the fishiest, it is also one of the friendliest places in the world; no cold, formal, letter-of-introduction dinners, but hearty, cordial, and agreeable hospitality. The society is, of course, very limited in extent, consisting of the clergy, the civil and military officers, and the principal merchants. Some of the latter have attained to considerable affluence, and are men whose kindness, intelligence, and practical views, render them agreeable and instructive associates. Among the younger members of their families, accomplishments and the graces of life receive due attention;

not a few of them have had European education. The reunions of St. John's possess so much charm, that many among the officers of the army and navy who have participated in them, have carried away living vouchers for their attractions.

We could scarce have left Newfoundland without having seen a specimen of the codfishing. One of our acquaintances kindly offered to drive us for the purpose to Portugal Cove, a distance of ten miles. The captain, the ensign, and myself, with our friend driving, formed the party. The conveyance was a light, spider-like, double-seated carriage, drawn by a wiry, strong, brown horse; he had a splendid shoulder and area, a ewe neck, a cunning-buck look, like a hare, and an uneasy tail; just the sort of animal which instantly suggests running reins and kicking straps. He started at a fair trotting pace; but our driver, by twisting the reins round each hand, and by setting his feet against the dash-board, shewed that he expected work. All went on very smoothly, however, till we got within a couple of miles of our journey's end, when, unfortunately, the conversation turned upon American travellers.

"This horse is one," said our friend, "he can do the mile in two minutes and fifty seconds."

"Indeed," said I. Now, "Indeed," must have been pronounced in some very expressive manner, and conveyed the extraordinary delusion that I wished to see it done, for our friend instantly made some sort of freemason sign, and away went the diabolical brute, up and down hill, in a sort of shambling, shuffling pace, at a rate which nearly took the breath out of my body. As soon as I could speak, I begged to assure his owner that I had not the least doubt of his powers, and implored of him to pull up. By the time I was informed that it was quite impossible, the animal stopped of his own accord at the inn at Portugal Cove.

This establishment is a small wooden building, prettily situated on the banks of a turbulent little stream, which gets up a waterfall in view of the windows. It is a favourite spot for passing the first part of the honeymoon; and is, perhaps, judiciously chosen, for there is nothing whatever of luxury, convenience, or amusement, to divert the thoughts of the happy couple from each other.

A straggling village of log houses lies along the shore, with a boat pier of the same material; a fleet of fishing boats lay moored to it. We embarked in one, a rough, clumsy concern; and, with a wild, unshaven fellow to guide us, put to sea. The bay

is about the size of that of Tenby; a large flat island, with steep sides, protects the opening, looking as if it had been snapped off the main-land, and floated out to where it now stands; like all the rest of the sea-board, it is covered with scrubby, stunted forest. At the eastern end of the island is a very curious rock, standing about two hundred yards clear of it; and of about the same height, looking, in the distance, like one of the round towers of Ireland. Our boatman, speaking in a Cork brogue, slightly overlaid with a Yankee twang, said that, "No one, barring the birds, had ever got to the top of it." The Captain gravely observed that, "unless the inducements to get there were very much increased, probably none ever would."

We soon arrived at our fishery, and cast our lines of strong cord, with a heavy leaden sink, and three or four hooks baited with slices of fish. In a minute or two there was a chorus of "I've got him;" and, as we pulled, the prizes plunged, dived, and twisted, filling the dark green water with pale, distorted ghosts of sea monsters, which, as they neared the surface and became exhausted, condensed into the sober realities of resigned and unresisting codfish. Our myrmidon immediately

put an end to their sufferings, by striking them on the head with a short bludgeon he called "the priest." He then cut off a piece of the tail of one of them, to furnish fresh bait. By thus encouraging their cannibal propensities, we soon caught so many that we were heartily tired of the sport. To give us an idea of the innumerable multitudes of fish, the boatman cast a line, with a heavy weight at the end and half a dozen hooks attached, full length into the water, till it had nearly reached the bottom, and then jerked it along, pulling it towards him; it seldom came up without a victim writhing on one of the barbs. Fully contented with this specimen of the truly national sport of Newfoundland, I reluctantly trusted myself to the mercy of the high trotting horse again, and he soon whirled us home.

The road was not without beauty, but of a sad and desolate character, which the few miserable patches of cultivation and the wretched log huts by the road side, did not tend to enliven. Windsor lake, or, "Twenty-mile pond," as the people prefer calling it, is a large, picturesque sheet of water, with some pretty, lonely-looking islands; but its shores are shapeless hills, and its forests stunted brushwood.

From the top of the last eminence before descending to St. John's, the view is very striking. The finely-situated town spread along the shore, the massive government-house in the foreground, relieved by cheerful ornamental villas round it, the roadstead filled with shipping and small boats, the old, barren coast beyond, softening down, to the right, into green fields and gardens, while opposite, on the left, grim-looking Signal hill, with the union jack floating over the fog on the top, protects the entrance of the harbour. And far away, filling up the background of the picture, with its hard, dark line against the summer's sky, lies calm, deep, and treacherous—the great Atlantic.

In the spring of the year 1497, a small squadron of ships sailed from Bristol, in search of a passage to India by the north-west. Two men of Venetian origin, John Cabot and his son Sebastian, a youth of twenty years of age, undertook their guidance. After a toilsome voyage of many weeks, they entered a region of vast banks, fogs, and mists, but continued on with unshaken hardihood. About three o'clock on the morning of the 24th of June, they reached a land hitherto unnoted in any map or record; sterile, and uncultivated, abounding in great white bears and elks. The discoverers called

this country by a name signifying 'rich in fish,' from the numbers which swarmed in the rivers and along the sea coast. The inhabitants were wild and unfriendly, clothed with the skins of beasts, and painted with a reddish clay.

The Cabots returned to England that year, and it does not appear that any further notice was taken of this country, which the English called Newfoundland, till 1534; when the brave Jacques Cartier, with only sixty men, sailed from St. Malo in two small vessels, under the French flag, and nearly circumnavigated the island. He found it to be a great triangle, of irregular shape, and about nine hundred miles round, with deep indentures and numerous harbours, but with a soil everywhere unfruitful.

Two Englishmen, named Elliott and Thorn, traded there for some years under the protection of Henry VIII., obtaining rich furs from the natives. At length these unhappy men, with a body of their dependents, made a settlement, and determined to remain there the winter. They knew not what they had to meet; their provisions failed, none of them survived, and tradition says they ate each other.

The most remarkable among the adventurers

who visited these bleak shores, for many years, afterwards, was Sir Humphry Gilbert. He took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth, but was lost on his return to England. His good brave words in the storm are left us still, "Courage, friends, we are as near Heaven here as on the land."

From the beginning of the seventeenth century the French had a settlement at Placentia, on the south coast. In the year 1622, George Calvert landed from England, having with him seeds, grain, and cattle. His settlers were successful, and some of their descendants founded, in a commodious harbour, the capital, St. John's.

At the treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV. of France gave up his claim to the island, which probably he did not care much about, as his subjects retained the right of fishing. It has ever since remained an English colony, and is at present garrisoned by a detachment of artillery and three companies of infantry. The barren soil and ungenial climate defy the skill and industry of the husbandman: wheat does not grow, the scanty crops of barley and oats rarely ripen; from sheltered places near the towns a moderate supply of potatoes and garden vegeta-

bles, is forced from the unwilling earth. There are a few cattle, the grasses being plentiful and nutritious. All else, for the use of man, comes from over sea. During the six months summer, some of the lakes and bays are rich in short-lived beauty. Few have penetrated into the interior, for any distance; the hills, as you advance, rise into mountains, the shrubs into trees. There is an idea that the centre of the island is a great valley, filled with numerous lakes and impassable morasses: none of the rivers are navigable far up the country, and there seems but little to tempt the explorer.

The natives met with in the first discovery were Esquimaux; fierce men of stalwart frame and intractable disposition: their complexion was a dark red; they were bold hunters and fishers, and of great courage in battle. From the first, they and the white men, were deadly foes. The Mic-Mac Indians of Nova Scotia, and these red men, carried on a war of extermination against each other for centuries; each landing, with destructive swoop, on the other's coasts, scalping the men and carrying the women into slavery. The Esquimaux warriors were more frequently victorious, till, in an evil hour, they provoked the wrath of the pale-faces;

the rifle and the bayonet soon broke their spirit. Abandoning the coasts and the hunting-grounds of their fathers, they fled into the dreary forests of the interior. Sometimes, in the long winter nights, they crept out from their wild fastnesses, and visited some lonely hamlet with a terrible vengeance. The settlers, in return, hunted them down like wolves, and, in the course of years, their life of misery reduced their numbers, and weakened their frames so much, that they never ventured to appear. It was known that some few still lingered, but they were almost forgotten.

The winter of 1830 was unusually severe in this country, and prolonged beyond those of former years. Towards its close, a settler was hewing down trees at some distance from one of the remote villages, when two gaunt figures crept out from the neighbouring 'bush:' with sad cries and imploring gestures, they tried to express their prayer for help. The white man, terrified by their uncouth and haggard looks, seized his gun, which lay at hand, and shot the foremost; the other tossed his lean arms wildly into the air—the woods rang with his despairing shrieks as he rushed away. Since then, none of the fallen race have been seen. The emaciated frame of the

dead man shewed how dire had been their necessity. There is no doubt that the last of the Redmen perished in that bitter winter.

The blue Peter summoned us on board; the wind had suddenly become favourable, leaving but little time for farewells; but ours were not the less warm and grateful for their being hurriedly spoken. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the shore—an answering cheer from the ships, and we are on our way again.

For the first day we kept within sight of land; the character of the coast was everywhere the same; bluff headlands, deep bays, and monstrous hills covered with dwarf firs. On the fourth morning we passed close under the Bird islands; strange, hermit rocks, not more than a few acres in extent, without a shred of vegetation, standing alone in the unfathomable waters, far out of sight of land. Millions of white sea fowl circle round them, screaming overhead, or diving and splashing in the water below.

One day more and we skirt the dangerous, desolate shores of Anticosti, rich in wrecks, accursed in human suffering. This hideous wilderness has been the grave of hundreds; by the slowest and ghastliest of deaths they died—starva-

tion. Washed ashore from maimed and sinking ships—saved to destruction, they drag their chilled and battered limbs up the rough rocks; for a moment, warm with hope, they look around with eager, straining eyes, for aid and shelter—and there are none; the failing sight darkens on hill and forest, forest and hill, and black despair. Hours and days waste out the lamp of life, until at length the withered skeletons have only strength to die. These terrible and frequent disasters have at length caused steps to be taken to prevent their recurrence; there are now stations on the island, with stores of clothing and provisions, which have already preserved many lives. At Sable island, off Nova Scotia, the same system is adopted; here are also a considerable number of wild horses on the sandy hills, dwindled descendants of some ship-wrecked ancestors:—in cases of emergency these stock the larder.

It was quite a relief when we found ourselves clear of this dismal neighbourhood, as with fair wind and crowding sails we entered the waters of the ST. LAWRENCE. From the Point of Gaspè to the Labrador coast, is one hundred and twenty miles; and, through this ample channel, half the fresh water of the world has its outlet to the sea,

spreading back its blue, winding path for more than two thousand miles, through still reach, foaming rapid, ocean, lake, and mighty cataract, to the trackless desert of the west.

We are near the left bank ; there is no trace of man's hand, such as God made it, there it is. From the pebbly shore to the craggy mountain top—east and west, countless miles—away to the frozen north, where everlasting winter chains the sap of life—one dark forest, lone and silent from all time.

For two days more there was nothing to attract the attention but the shoals of white porpoise : we were welcomed by several ; they rolled and frolicked round the ship, rushing along very fast, stopping to look at us, passing and repassing for half an hour at a time, then going off to pay their compliments to some other strangers. The pilot came quietly on board during the night, and seemed as much at home the next day as if he had been one of the crew.

By degrees the Great River narrowed to twenty miles, and we could see the shore on both sides, with the row of white specks of houses all along the water's edge, which at length seemed to close into a continuous street. Every here and there was a church, with clusters of dwellings

round it, and little silver streams, wandering through narrow strips of clearing, behind them. We got very near the shore once; there was but little wind; we fancied it bore us the smell of new-mown hay, and the widow thought she heard church bells; but the ripple of the water, gentle as it was, treated the tender voice too roughly, and it could not reach us. Several ships were in sight; some travelling our road, wayworn and weary; others standing boldly out to meet the waves and storms we had just passed through. Rows of little many-coloured flags ran up to their mizen peaks, fluttered out what they had to say, and came down again when they got their answer.

The nights were very cold; but, had they been far more so, we must have lingered on deck to see the Northern Lights. They had it all to themselves, not a cloud to stop their running wild over the sky. Starting from behind the mountains, they raced up through the blue fields of heaven, and vanished: again they reappeared, where we least expected them; spreading over all space one moment, shrinking into a shivering streak the next, quicker than the tardy eye could trace.

There is a dark shade for many miles, below

where the Laquerry pours its gloomy flood into the pure waters of the St. Lawrence. Two degrees to the westward lies a circular sheet of water called Lake St. John, forty miles wide, fed by numerous small rivers. Here is the birth-place of the great tributary; its separate existence ends at Tadousac. Its course lies from west to east, half-way through a rich country, with a comparatively mild climate, where only a few wandering Indians hunt and fish, exchanging their furs with English traders at Chicontimi. Here this rude commerce has grouped together a number of houses, round a church built by the Jesuits two centuries ago. Great Bay is twelve miles lower down; thence to the river's mouth the cliffs rise straight out of the water, sometimes to a thousand feet in height, in some places two or three miles apart. There is a great depth between, far greater than that of the St. Lawrence at the confluence, and large ships can go up so far. About three thousand white people are scattered about these districts; they have saw-mills, and ply their laborious industry in the bush, felling the tall pine-trees.

Off the entrance to the gloomy Laquerry, lies Red Island. The shore is rocky and perilous; as we passed, the morning sun shone brightly upon it

and the still waters; but when the November mists hang round, and the north-east wind sweeps up the river, many a brave ship ends her voyage there. To the south-east is seen a gentler sister—the Green Isle.

It would be wearisome to tell of all the woody solitudes that deck the bosom of the St. Lawrence, or of the white, cheerful settlements along its banks, some of them growing up to towns as we advance; their back-ground swelling into mountains. It is a scene of wonderful beauty, often heightened by one of the strangest, loveliest freaks of lavish nature. The mirage lifts up little rocky, tufted islands, into the air, and ships, with their taper masts turned downwards, glide past them; the tops of high and distant hills sink down to the water's edge, and long streets of trim, demure-looking houses, rest their foundations in the sky.

We are now at Grosse Isle; the pilot points out the quarantine station, the church, the hospital, and, in the distance, the fair and fertile island of Orleans. Bold Cape Tourment is at length past; it has wearied our sight for two days, like a long, straight road. It grows very dark, and the evening air is keen; we must go below.

About midnight I awoke. There was the splash,

and heavy, rattling sound of the falling anchor; the ship swung slowly round with the tide, and was still; we had reached QUEBEC.

I looked out of the window of my cabin; we lay in deep shade, under a high headland which shut out half the sky. There were still a few scattered lights, far and wide over the steep shore, and among the numerous shipping around us.

Our voyage was rather a tedious one; without doubt you think so too.

CHAPTER III.

QUEBEC—HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CANADA.

TAKE mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and, lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose—you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning.

The river St. Charles, winding through low, rich grounds, empties itself into a wide basin, closed in, to the north-east, by the island of Orleans. In the angle it makes with the St. Lawrence, is a lofty promontory; there stands the city, walled and bas-

tioned round. On an undulating slope, rising gradually from the margin of the smaller stream to the foot of the battlements, lie the suburbs of St. Roch and St. Vallière; St. John's spreads up the shoulder of the height, along the land face of the defences; St. Louis is the continuation; thence, to the river St. Lawrence, is open ground. On the highest point of the promontory, and the most advanced into the stream, is Cape Diamond, the strongest citadel in the New World. On the river side, a hundred yards of perpendicular rock forbid the foot of man; another is fenced off from the town by a massive fortification and broad glacis; the third side of the grim triangle looks out upon the plains of Abraham, in a line of armed ramparts.

The lower town is built on a narrow strip of land, saved from the water, under the lofty cliffs of the promontory, stretching from the suburb of St. Roch to where the citadel overhangs. Busy wharves, with numerous ships alongside, extend all round the town and for three miles up the Great River.

From Quebec to the opposite shore is but three quarters of a mile, but the basin just below is five times as wide, and large and deep enough to hold

the English Navy. Through the strait the tides flow with great rapidity, rising and falling twenty feet, as the flood or ebb of the sea dams up or draws away the waters of the stream. There are many and dangerous currents; very few ever rise again who sink for a moment in its treacherous arms; even strong swimmers have gone down like lead.

The pretty village of Point Levy, with its churches and neat dwellings, ornaments the opposite side of the river; it, too, has a share of wharves, rafts, and shipping. Quaint ferry-boats, with paddle-wheels worked by four fat horses, pulling and puffing round on the deck, cross every four minutes. Dirty, impudent-looking little steamers run out from hidden nooks in the shore, lay hold of huge ships twenty times as big as themselves, and walk away with them as an ant carries a grain of wheat.

When people came on board, they told us the English news they had got two or three posts since we left. There was the staff officer to give the soldiers their orders, the emigrant agent, some people of business come to look after their consignments, and a few to greet their friends, our fellow-travellers. No one coming to meet me, I went

ashore on my own account; landed at the bustling, dirty market-place, climbed up into a caleche—a very queer-looking affair on two high wheels, with a shaft-frame like a gig, the body swinging on broad leather straps, fastened on to rude springs before and behind. The driver perched himself on the narrow seat where the dashboard should have been, shouted, *Marchez ! marchez !* and the stout little horse started at a rapid pace.

The way was up a narrow, winding street, twisting up the steep end of the promontory, with short cuts for foot passengers from bend to bend; we enter the fortified town through Prescott Gate, turn sharply to the left, and I am set down at a large hotel, having in front an open space, called the Place d'Armes.

Now, while we rest after the long and weary voyage, lend me patience while I tell the old tale of how, and by whom, this fair city came to be built, and why the flag of dear Old England floats over the citadel.

The first European who ever visited these lands was Jacques Cartier. In the month of May, 1535, the year after his circumnavigation of Newfoundland, he again sailed from St. Malo with three small ships. He and his followers were blessed

by the bishop in the cathedral, received the holy sacrament, and bade farewell to their friends, as if for ever. The little squadron was for a long time dispersed, but met again with great joy on the 28th of June. Having visited Newfoundland, they kept it to the north, and sailed into a large gulf, full of islands; they passed on the north side of Anticosti, and, sometimes landing by the way, came at length to the mouth of the Jaquenary. By means of two Indians, taken in the former voyage, at the Bay of Chalcuss, they conversed with the inhabitants, and overcame their terror. These simple people then received them with songs of joy, and dances, giving them freely of all the provisions they had. The adventurers soon gathered that there was a town some days' sail higher up; this, and the river, and the countries round about, the natives called HOCHELAGA; thither they bent their way. The kind-hearted Indians tried, by entreaties and innocent stratagems, to detain their dangerous guests.

During the voyage up the stream they passed shores of great beauty; the climate was genial, the weather warmer than that of France, and everywhere they met with unsuspicious friendship. They found Hochelaga a fortified town among rich corn-fields,

on an island under the shade of a mountain which they called Mont Royal; time has changed it to Montreal. The old name, like the old people, is long since forgotten. The inhabitants had stores of corn and fish laid up with great care, also tobacco, which Europeans saw here for the first time. The natives were courteous and friendly in their manners, some of them of noble beauty; they bowed to a Great Spirit, and knew of a future state. Their king wore a crown, which he transferred to Jacques Cartier; but, when they brought their sick and infirm, trusting to his supernatural power to heal, the Christian soldier blessed them with the cross, and prayed that heaven might give them health.

The adventurers returned to France next year, carrying off one of the kings with them, to the great grief of his subjects; he became contented with his lot, but soon after died. This was the first wrong the doomed race suffered from the white men. Four years afterwards, the Sieur de Roberval, graced with many high-sounding titles, and aided by Jacques Cartier, landed at the mouth of the St. Charles River. The inhabitants, mindful of former injury, met the strangers with war instead of peace. Four miles from Quebec is the village of

Charlesbourg; there, three hundred years ago, the French built their first stronghold, to guard themselves from just vengeance. Their leader, tortured by the dissensions of his followers, soon led them back to France, and in 1549, he, with his brave brother, sailed to seek the visionary Cathay, and were heard of no more.

At the end of the sixteenth century, when the gloom of this failure had passed away, Chauvin and Pontgrave opened a fur trade at Tadousac, without much success. Next followed the piratical De Monts, with a fleet of forty sail, terrible alike to the white and native races; his monstrous crimes caused his ruin. His successor, the worthy Champlain, founded the city of Quebec, in 1608, and cultivated the rich valley of the St. Charles. With some of his followers he penetrated to the great lakes of the west, and returned in safety from among their fierce and savage nations. To this vast territory he gave the name of CANADA, or New France. For many years the settlers met with great difficulties from the climate and the Indians, but adventurers poured in from the old world, and wars and fire-water thinned their foes. Some powerful tribes sought their alliance, serving them to the end with faith and courage. Mont-

real, Niagara, and other towns were founded, and Quebec was strengthened into the Gibraltar of the West.

The quarrels of the mother countries involved these colonists in constant difficulties with their English neighbours of the south, and their Indian allies added unheard-of horrors to their wars. After many alternate successes, a British army of great force, under the command of General Amherst, invaded Canada in 1759. Ticonderoga fell into his power, and Niagara was won by the division of General Johnson, after a gallant battle. These triumphs were of but little moment, for all knew that on Quebec the fate of Canada depended, and the repulse of General Hill, half a century before, had given a lesson of its strength. A large fleet, however, commanded by Admiral Saunders, carrying an army of seven thousand men, reached the Island of Orleans in the end of June.

For a few years, and for a great purpose, England was given one of those men whose names light up the page of history. He was humble, and gentle as a child, graceful in person and manners, and, raised by transcendant merit in early manhood, he did high service at Minden and Louisbourg. The purpose was accomplished, and the gift resumed at

Quebec, when he was thirty-five years old. This was WOLFE; to him the expedition was entrusted.

He took possession of the Island of Orleans, and occupied Point Levy with a detachment. His prospects were not encouraging: the great stronghold frowned down on him from an almost inaccessible position, bristling with guns, defended by a superior force from a gallant army, and inhabited by a hostile population. Above the city, steep banks rendered landing almost impossible; below, the country, for eight miles, was embarrassed by two rivers, many redoubts, and the watchful Indians. A part of the fleet lay above the town, the remainder in the North Channel, between the Island of Orleans and Montmorenci; each ebb-tide floated down fire-ships, but the sailors towed them ashore, and they were harmless.

The plan which first suggested itself was, to attack by the side of Montmorenci, but the brave Montcalm was prepared to meet it. On the 31st of July, a division of grenadiers landed below the falls; some of the boats grounded on a shoal, and caused great confusion, so that arrangements, excellent in themselves, were in their result, disastrous. These men, with an indiscreet ardour, advanced, unformed and unsupported, against the entrench-

ments. A steady and valiant defence drove them back; a storm threatened, and the loss was heavy, so the General re-embarked the troops with quiet regularity. The soldiers drooped under their reverse, but there was always one cheerful face, that of their leader. Inward care and labour wasted his weak frame; he wrote to England sadly and despondingly, for the future was very dark; but he acted on an inspiration. Though his Generals were brave men, they started at his plans; he stood alone in his own bold counsel, risked the great venture, and won.

On the night of the 12th of September, the fleet approached the shore below the town, as if to force a landing. The troops embarked at one in the morning, and ascended the river for three leagues, when they got into boats, and floated noiselessly down the stream, passing the sentries unobserved. Where they landed, a steep, narrow path wound up the side of the cliff forming the river's bank; it was defended bravely against them, but in vain. When the sun rose, the army stood upon the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm found he was worsted as a General, but it was still left to him to fight as a soldier; his order of battle was promptly and skilfully made.

The regular troops were his left, resting on the bank over the river; the gallant Canadian Seigneurs, with their Provincials, and supported by two regiments, his right. Beyond them, crowding the English left, were clouds of French and Indian skirmishers.

General Townshend met these with six regiments; the Louisbourg Grenadiers formed the front of battle, to the right, resting on the cliff; and there was Wolfe, exhorting them to be steady, and to reserve their discharge. The French attacked at forty paces; they staggered under the fire, but repaid it well; at length they slowly gave ground. As they fell back, the bayonet and the claymore of the Highlanders broke their ranks, and drove them with great carnage into the town.

At the first, Wolfe had been wounded in the wrist, another shot struck him in the body; but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet done. Again a ball passed through his breast, and he sank. When they raised him from the ground, he tried with his faint hand to clear the death-mist from his eyes; he could not see how the battle went, but the voice which fell upon his dying ear told him he was immortal.

There is a small monument on the place of his death, with the date, and this inscription :—"Here died Wolfe, victorious. He was too precious to be left, even on the field of his glory. England, jealous of his ashes, laid them with his father's in the town where he was born. The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain in a lofty situation on Cape Diamond. A pillar is erected to the memory of two illustrious men, Wolfe and Montcalm."

Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered, on such terms as generous victors give to gallant foes. The news of these events reached home but forty-eight hours later than the first discouraging despatch, and spread universal joy for the great gain, and sorrow for its price. Throughout all broad England were illuminations and songs of triumph, except in one country village, for there Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only child.

This is the story of Quebec nearly a hundred years ago, and the reason why that flag of dear old England floats over its citadel.

Shortly after the cession of Canada by France, in 1763, English law was, by royal proclamation, established in the colony. In 1774, the French civil law was restored, with some slight reserve as to titles of land. The English criminal code was

retained, and religious liberty and the rights of the clergy were guaranteed, subject to the supremacy of the crown.

These concessions caused most of the English settlers to remove, in sullen discontent, further to the west, where they were free from the hated French seignorial rights. There they founded Upper Canada. In 1791, legislatures were granted to each province, the Lower Chamber elective, the Upper appointed by the royal authority, and thus the latter became exclusively British. These two bodies were at once arrayed against each other, and it must be confessed that there were many just grounds of complaint, and abuses which the elective house always vigorously attacked.

In the year 1828, the people of the Lower province presented an address, signed by 87,000 persons, complaining of the partial distribution of patronage, the illegal application of the public money, and of some Acts regulating trade and tenures, of the Imperial Parliament. At the same time 10,000 of the British inhabitants of the province petitioned to be freed from the mischievous pressure of the French civil law. In 1831, great concessions were made to the French party; the composition of the legislative council was altered

in their favour; the control of all funds proceeding from duties in the colony was yielded to the House of Assembly, and power was given them to alter the laws on the tenure of property.

England, having granted so much in a generous spirit of conciliation, was unfortunately met by exorbitant demands of further concessions; such as to make the Upper House elective, the executive council directly responsible to the people, and to amend the agreements made by the government with the Canada Land Company. These were at once refused, and the assembly stopped the supplies.

While affairs were thus at a dead lock, violent demagogues, generally men of some education and very little responsibility, tried, by every means in their power, to excite the minds of the simple French Canadians to resist these supposed wrongs. They were unfortunately but too successful, and in some districts the people rose in revolt. There were not wanting men in the English House of Commons, who rejoiced in the insurrection, and expressed ardent wishes for its success.

The government determined at once to strike at the root of the evil, by an effort to seize the leaders of the sedition, who were supposed to be assembled at St. Denis and St. Charles, on the

Richelieu river, which flows into the St. Lawrence from the south.

On the night of November 22, 1837, a detachment from Sorel, of about four hundred and fifty men, marched upon St. Denis, and arrived at its destination at ten in the morning. The night had been one of extraordinary severity, the roads were ploughed up by the heavy rains, and the fatigue of a twelve hours' march, under such difficulties, had exhausted and harassed the troops.

The insurgents, to the number of fifteen hundred, were posted behind a barricade, in a fortified house and some buildings on the flank. Their leader was Wolfred Nelson, who had at least the merit of being a brave rebel, and who at present represents the Richelieu district in the provincial parliament, having experienced the clemency of the imperial government.

A sharp fire opened upon the troops when they appeared, and the efforts against the entrenched position failed, the resistance being very determined. The ammunition of the assailants was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to yield the victory; the roads had become impassable, a gun was abandoned in the retreat, and sixteen men were killed and wounded.

This first and last gleam of sunshine on rebellion, was darkened, by as ruthless and cowardly an assassination as ever stained a cause. An officer of the 32nd regiment, Lieutenant Weir, had been sent with despatches to another detachment; on returning to the retreating one, he was betrayed, it is said, by his driver, into the hands of the rebels at St. Denis. They sent him as a prisoner to St. Charles, under the charge of Francis Jalbert, formerly a Captain of militia, and another man. Both, I believe, are still alive to bear the curse of their foul crime.

They tied their victim's hands behind his back with cords, placed him in a cart, and went on their journey. The roads were so bad that the horse soon stopped; Jalbert told their prisoner to get out of the conveyance and walk; as he could not move his hands, and his limbs were chilled and stiff, he had some difficulty in reaching the ground, and then leaned against the cart to support himself; at the same time remonstrating, and insisting on having his arms unbound. Jalbert, irritated at this, rushed at him from behind, and stabbed him in the back with a sword. He fell, and the weapon remained firmly fixed, from the strength of the blow. The murderer, holding the hilt still in his

hand, stamped with his heavy heel on the prostrate body, till he had dragged out the blade: writhing with pain, tied down, and helpless, the poor young man crept under the cart wheels for protection; but the human tigers, one with the sword, the other with an axe, struck at him as he lay, maiming him at every blow.

There was no hope of escape; but, by a sort of instinct, he struggled up and made an effort to limp away; pursued, he turned and tried feebly with his foot to parry the assassin's sword. The other was behind him, and swung the heavy axe down on his bare head; he felt the coming blow, bent to avoid it, and threw up his bound hands to avert the fall. The blunt steel, with a crushing, mangling sound, tore off his fingers and beat in his skull. The murderers then threw the body into the Richelieu river, and covered it with stones; some brother officers, guided by the villagers, found it there, but could scarcely recognize, in the battered corpse, the gay and gallant young officer they had so lately seen. Who can be surprised that some of the exasperated soldiery took a fierce revenge?

On the same night the troops marched on St. Denis Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherall left Chambly,

with five hundred men and two guns, for St. Charles. The intention was that these two attacks should have been simultaneous, but the bridges were destroyed, the weather was very severe, and the roads were difficult, so that the detachment did not arrive till noon on the 25th. The rebels were numerous, strongly posted in field works, and animated by the news of the success at St. Denis. The gallant Colonel Wetherall, as soon as he had formed his troops, led them to the assault. After a sturdy defence the position was carried, and the village burnt. The insurgents suffered a heavy loss: the troops had twenty-one killed and wounded.

This disaster was fatal to the hopes of the rebels on the Richelieu; and, soon after, they all dispersed. A man named Brown had been their leader; he shewed himself the dastard through the brief struggle; and, at the first symptom of reverse, deserted his deluded followers, and fled to the United States. All the leaders, except Nelson, added disgraceful cowardice to their treason. He was taken, having stood by his people to the last.

There is a rich and beautiful district, called "The County of the Two Mountains," thirty miles up the Ottawa river, west of Montreal. The highest

of the hills from which it derives its name is called Calvary, held sacred by the Canadians and the remnants of two great Indian nations, the Mohawks and Algonquins, living at its base. A large lake lies in its shade, terminated by the rapids of St. Anne; here, in the old time, the voyagers used to bid farewell to the haunts of men, in the church of their tutelary saint, and receive the blessing on their journeys. We have all heard their beautiful boat song in our English homes; its tones are very sweet on their own bright waters. Moore's words are of this spot, in the beautiful line—

"We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn."

At the time of our story, this lovely country was deformed by the evil passions of men; it was the centre of the revolt, the scene of its worst excesses. A numerous body of the disaffected were assembled here, led by a man named Girod, a clever demagogue, who had received a good education, but was devoid of courage or principle.

On the morning of the 13th of December, Sir John Colborne, the commander of the forces in Canada, with about thirteen hundred men, advanced from Montreal towards this district, along the left bank of the Ottawa. On the opposite side was

the fortified village of St. Eustache; on the 14th the army crossed the river and invested it. The greater number of the insurgents, terrified at the approach of danger, fled in the night: among these was Girod; he was overtaken, and put the seal upon his shame by suicide. A brave, misguided enthusiast, named Chenier, with about four hundred men, threw themselves into the church and the adjoining buildings, and defended themselves with courage and constancy; but their cover was beaten down, and finally fired by the artillery; their leader and many of their number were slain, the remainder taken or dispersed.

The next day the troops advanced on St. Benoit, where had been the stronghold of the insurrection; a vigorous resistance was expected, but the leaders who were so bold in speech dared not act out their treason; a deputation from the inhabitants came to beg for mercy; they said that those who had incited them to rise had deserted them in their time of trial. Their submission was accepted, and they were allowed to depart to their homes.

On the 16th, Sir John Colborne returned to Montreal, leaving a detachment to reduce the rest of the district; there was no further resistance. Many loyalists had fled from St. Eustache and the

Rivière du Chêne, during the brief power of the insurgents, suffering much insult and hardship. When the wheel turned, these injuries were revenged in the blackened hearths of the defeated; though the soldiery exerted themselves to the utmost to save the villages, and partially succeeded.

The three principal newspapers employed in spreading the disaffection, vanished at the first outbreak, as did also the great leader of their party in the house of assembly: he, in after times, expressed the strongest disapprobation of these scenes of violence and danger; and, while they were being enacted, gave a proof of his dislike to them quite convincing to his followers, by keeping his own person out of their reach. Many of his admirers, no doubt, regretted very much when flying from the law or mounting the scaffold, that they had not imitated his later proceedings as implicitly as they had acted on the plain tendencies of his principles. The next time he was heard of, he was safely settled in the State of New York. Perhaps, if the insurrection had terminated successfully, he might at length have overcome his horror of the bloodshed which purchased it. His ardent patriotism might have urged him to sacrifice his own feelings to the public good, and "La Nation

Canadienne" might have had the benefit of the future services of its principal hero.

The troubles in Canada caused great excitement among a certain class of men in the United States: some, with a sincere love for freedom, and very many others with a still sincerer love for plunder, were moved to assist their Canadian neighbours, whom they called "The Patriots." These sympathizers assembled in large bodies, principally threatening the upper province. They thought it an excellent opportunity for playing the game in which their countrymen had succeeded in Texas; their opponents being English, instead of Mexican, spoiled the parallel. "The sympathizers,"—what soft and kindly ideas the name they assumed suggests! Tearful eyes and cambric handkerchiefs, good-Samaritan acts of tenderness and charity soothing words of consolation. Not so to them—their sympathy was given in the midnight assassins' bloody knife, in the torch of the merciless incendiary, in the ransacking hand of the rapacious robber.

Upper Canada was not without its hero: a man named William Lyon Mackenzie, the editor of a republican newspaper at Toronto, laid aside the pen and seized the sword; he assembled about five or six hundred men at a place called Montgomeries'

Tavern, four miles from the town, on the evening of the 4th of December, with the intention of entering in the night. As soon as this decided step was taken, they arrested every one on the roads, to prevent intelligence being carried to the Governor, Sir Francis Head.

Colonel Moodie, a worthy veteran, and three of his friends, were unfortunately seen riding towards Toronto; he was fired at from the Tavern; fell, wounded in two places, and in a few hours was dead. The leader then harangued his followers, telling them that as blood had been shed there was now no retreat, and persuading them to advance. The authorities were perfectly aware of the approaching danger; but, confiding in the loyalty of the great majority of the inhabitants, all the troops had been sent to the lower province at the first news of the outbreak there. The insurgents, styling themselves a provincial convention, published proclamations, calling on the people to rise and free themselves; in terms of blasphemous hypocrisy using the name of God to urge them to break God's law.

Some loyal volunteers manned the city hall, and orders were given to the militia to assemble immediately. During the night nothing occurred but

a slight skirmish, in which the insurgents were worsted. The next day the governor had mustered sufficient strength to attack, but first made an effort to bring the deluded people to reason without the loss of life. In the mean time his opponent had seized the mail, and imprisoned several inoffensive individuals. A number of horses were also pressed for his service, and a neighbour's house was burned. Flushed with these achievements, the attempts of the peace-makers were useless.

On the 7th of December, Colonel Mc Nab, with a party of militia, marched from Toronto, and attacked the tavern; the defenders, who were armed with rifles, made a short resistance and fled; their leaders, as the governor quaintly describes it, "in a state of the greatest agitation ran away." A good many prisoners were taken, but immediately afterwards contemptuously dismissed.

The news of this rebellious movement had at once roused the indignation of the masses of the population; from ten to twelve thousand men immediately crowded to Toronto, to give their services to the law. The day after its termination a public notice informed them that there was no occasion for their services in that place, and the

forces of the Eastern districts were allowed to turn towards Lower Canada.

In the mean time, the ex-editor had escaped in disguise to Buffalo, in the United States, where, by the story of his wrongs, and by promises, he succeeded in collecting a force of sympathizing Americans, who plundered the state arsenals of cannon, arms, and ammunition, and took possession of Navy Island, a little above the Falls of Niagara, on the 13th of December.

Supplied with stores and provisions from Buffalo, they threw up works, and threatened the opposite shore. Very few Canadians joined them. Proclamations from the Provisional Government were published from this place, offering a hundred dollars, and three hundred acres of land, in their future conquests, to every volunteer. Five hundred pounds were offered for the apprehension of the English Governor, the rebels stating that all the wealth and resources of the country would speedily be at their disposal.

They opened a fire of artillery upon the houses of the peaceable inhabitants of the Canada shore, but without doing much injury: a body of militia watched their movements defensively. On the 28th of December, the steamer Caroline,

employed in conveying arms and supplies to Navy Island, was boarded by some loyalists, led by Lieutenant Drew, an officer of the Royal Navy, while moored to Fort Schlosser, on the American shore, and, after a bloody struggle, carried; she was ther set on fire, and suffered to drift over the great falls. It was an awful sight; the blazing mass, floating slowly at first, but each moment increasing its pace, at length whirled rapidly along—all around, the red glare lighting up the gloomy forest, the broad waters, and the dark wintry night, as it rushed past to its terrible grave.

Exaggerated versions of this attack caused great excitement in America, but the undoubted piratical occupation of the vessel convinced all well-thinking people of its necessity, and the United States government did not agitate the question of the invasion of territory.

Soon afterwards, a sufficient force was collected to dislodge these invaders from Navy Island. A short cannonade from the north bank of the river, caused them to evacuate their position on the night of the 14th of January. When they landed on the shore of the United States, their leader was arrested and held to bail, and their arms taken possession of by the authorities. Other attempts were made by

sympathizers, on Kingston and Amherstburgh, but were at once defeated by the militia. Another party having assembled at Point Pelée Island, in Lake Erie, the artillery and troops marched twenty miles over the ice to attack them, taking up a position which obliged them either to fight or surrender. There was a sharp resistance, many of the soldiers were shot down in their close ranks, from behind the wooded coverts; after some time they extended their files, to avoid the concentrated fire, and charged with the bayonet; the island was then carried, and most of the defenders captured or slain.

For all these forays, except in the first outbreak at Toronto, nearly all the marauders were citizens of the United States, and their conduct throughout was unredeemed by a single act of humanity, generosity, or courage. The Washington government, with good faith, tried to restrain these outrages, but the feeble executive was unequal to the task. Every night, houses were sacked and burned on the Canadian side. Amongst other depredations, a pillar raised to the memory of the brave Sir Isaac Brock, slain at the head of an English force in the last American war, was blown up with gunpowder, and much injured, by a man

of the name of Lett, who was afterwards imprisoned for robbery in the United States.

On the 30th of May following, a party of sympathizers plundered and burned a Canadian steamer, the Sir Robert Peel, while lying at Wells Island, belonging to the United States, in the river St. Lawrence. The leader was a man named Johnson, of great cunning and skill; he managed to carry on his system of piracy and destruction for a considerable time, without interruption. For twenty-five miles below Kingston, the Thousand Islands adorns the river; they are nearly two thousand in number, rocky, wooded, without inhabitants, and varying in size from ten miles long to mere rocky tufts. In this watery labyrinth, where the thick forests overshadow the river, these marauders lurked; they were provided with boats of wonderful swiftness, their expeditions were secret and sudden, and pursuit was vain.

In the month of September, several French Canadians were tried by the usual forms of law, for the murder of a volunteer named Chartraud, which had been perpetrated with cold-blooded atrocity. The jury were exclusively countrymen of the accused, all others had been objected to in the challenge. The crime was scarcely denied, and

was proved by the clearest evidence to every one but those with whom it lay to decide; they gave the verdict, "not guilty," and were in consequence entertained at public dinners and applauded for their patriotism, by the disaffected party. The common trial by jury was thus found to be quite unsuited to the emergency, and the disposal of the prisoners became a source of great embarrassment to the government.

On the arrival of the high-minded, but injudicious Earl of Durham, (who had been sent out as plenipotentiary at the time of these difficulties,) the question was solved by a general gaol delivery, with some very few exceptions of those whose crimes were pre-eminently heinous. A proclamation was also issued, allowing those who had fled out of the country to return unmolested to their homes.

Lord Durham's mission produced a statement of the condition of the country, and the sources of its difficulties. The spirit of the document is as follows:—"The root of the evil in Lower Canada is in the difference of races arraying the people in enduring and bitter hostility against each other. The distinction in language, education, and religion, is not softened down by social intercourse, they seldom meet in society, each have their own banks

and hotels. They inherit in an exaggerated degree the peculiarities of their origin, and the English take but little pains to conceal their contempt and intolerance for the customs and manners of their neighbours. Every political difference may be traced to the same source—the contest of the races.

"A peculiarity in the formation of French-Canadian society, is also a fruitful cause of mischief; from the means afforded by public foundations for attaining the higher branches of education, the professions are greatly overstocked. Two or three hundred young men, nearly all of humble birth, are annually turned out from the public schools; averse to sinking back to the lowly occupations of their parents, a few become priests, the remainder lawyers and surgeons. With these every village swarms. Thus the best-educated people are generally connected by ties of blood, and intimacy, with the most ignorant inhabitants. In social intercourse the abler mind gains an influence over the mass, and thus the demagogue here becomes more powerful than in any other country.

"The general inclination to jobbing, results in a perfect scramble in the House of Assembly for each to get as much as he can for his constituents

and himself; this is carried to such an extent, that a great proportion of the schoolmasters appointed could neither read nor write. The judicial system appears to have been feeble and imperfect: except in the large towns, there was no public officer to whom any order could be directed."

In the middle of October the state of Canada again became gloomy; numbers of the French population bound themselves, by secret oaths and signs, into a dangerous organization; the terrified loyalists crowded into the towns, or fled the country; the thirst of blood and rapine was awakened on the American frontier, and the militia of English origin, dissatisfied with the pardon of the rebels, who had inflicted such injuries on them and been arrested by their prowess, shewed much disinclination again to come forward in so unpromising a cause.

A portion of the French inhabitants were again in arms on the 3rd of November; their plan being to rise in Montreal, and destroy the troops while they were at church and unarmed. By this time the government had devolved upon the gallant Sir John Colborne, whose wise precautions and admirable arrangements defeated their intentions.

At Beauharnois the rebels attacked the house of

Mr. Ellice, lately secretary to the governor, and carried him off; treating the ladies, however, with consideration and courtesy. On the same day a body of armed men concealed themselves near the Indian village of Caughrawaga; this news arrived while the warriors of the tribe were at church: they sallied out with the arms they could collect at the moment, and fell upon the rebels. These, surprised, scarcely resisted, and were tied with their own sashes and garters by the victors, who carried them in boats to Montreal gaol. The Indian chief told the general that, if necessary, he would bring him the scalp of every inhabitant in the neighbourhood in twenty-four hours.

These Indians are the remnant of the once powerful and ferocious tribes of the Six Nations; they are now domesticated, and cultivate the land. The chiefs are humane men, and enforce strict order; none of their prisoners were injured.

About four thousand insurgents collected at Napierville, under the command of Doctor Robert Nelson and two others, who had all been included in the late amnesty. Some troops were marched on this point, but they found that the greater number of the insurgents had disappeared, and were beyond pursuit. Some of them had been

detached to open a communication with the United States: these were met by a party of loyal volunteers, who bravely defeated them, drove them across the frontier, took several prisoners, a field piece, and three hundred stand of arms. The victors then threw themselves into the church at Odell Town, awaited the approach of Dr. Nelson and the rebels who had fled from Napierville, and repulsed them with the loss of more than a hundred men.

Mr. Ellice, and several other loyalist prisoners, were carried by the rebels to Chateaugay, and well treated; finally they were released, and the road pointed out to them by which to reach La Prairie. In this rising there was but little violence, or no cruelty, in the conduct of the Canadians. Dr. Robert Nelson's address to the people declared for independence, a republican government, the confiscation of the crown and church lands and the possessions of the Canada Company, the abolition of seignorial rights, and of imprisonment for debt.

In Upper Canada, five hundred American sympathizers landed at Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, with several pieces of cannon, on the evening of the 12th. Soon after, a party of English troops and militia attacked them, driving them into two

strong houses and a stone windmill, where they defended themselves with great tenacity. They finally surrendered, however, and were carried prisoners to Kingston, to be tried by court-martial.

Another body landed near Sandwich, in the western part of Upper Canada: they burned the Thanus steam-boat, the barracks, and the militia-men within; shot some inoffensive people, and murdered Dr. Hume, a military surgeon. He had mistaken them for some of the provincial militia, and fallen into their hands unarmed; his body was thrown aside, hacked, and mangled by axes and knives. Colonel Prince, on hearing of these atrocities, assembled a few militia-men, when the dastard assassins, making but little resistance, fled; their exasperated pursuers overtook, and slew many of them.

A public meeting was held at New York, for the purpose of promoting the invasion of Canada; Dr. Wolfred Nelson and many other refugees attending it. At the same time the inhabitants of Oswego, an American town nearly opposite to Prescott, assembled; and, through the commanding officer of the United States' army in that district, begged that consideration might be shewn for the misguided men who, under false representations, had

been beguiled into the invasion of a friendly country.

Six of the Prescott brigands, and three of the assassins of Dr. Hume, were executed. The leader of the former was the first tried, and hanged; his name was Von Schoultz, a Pole by birth, and merely a military adventurer. He had fought with skill and courage, and died bravely and without complaint, except of the false representations which had caused his ruin, by inducing him to join the godless cause. Doing all that lay in his power to repair his error, he left his little property, about eight hundred pounds, half to the Roman Catholic College at Kingston, and the remainder to the widows and orphans of the English soldiers and militia who had fallen in the combat where he was taken.

Several people were also executed in consequence of the attack on Toronto. The most remarkable of these was a man named Lount, a native of the United States, but settled in Canada; he had been a blacksmith, and had acquired considerable property, and influence among his neighbours. He became a member of the Provincial Parliament, where he formed intimacies with the most dangerous of the political agitators, and his more ardent

nature soon led him to outstrip them all in the violence of sedition.

His trial excited very great interest: doubt there was none, and the solemn sentence was pronounced. His daughter, a girl of no common attractions, had forced her way through the crowd, close to the judges' bench. With fixed eye, and bloodless cheeks, she heard the fatal words which blighted earthly hope; for a time they were but an empty voice, no meaning reached her stunned senses. Slowly, and with an increasing distinctness, the terrible reality stamped itself upon her soul. She was carried to her home, thence to her long home.

Her father prayed earnestly, and acknowledged the justice of his punishment, when on the scaffold. In the last moment, he wondered that his child had not come to bid him farewell; when he complained, he did not know that they were to meet so soon.

Very great leniency was shown by the English Government; fifty or sixty persons were transported; but nearly all the political offenders have since been pardoned. Occasionally there were instances of great apparent harshness. Where such numbers were implicated, over such an extent of country, at a great distance from the fountain head, with seve-

ral changes of Governors, such cases could not be altogether avoided; unfortunately, those really most guilty were not always the men made to expiate their offences. The loyal Canadians, who had suffered much during the insurrection, were discontented and indignant at this tendency to clemency; particularly with regard to the sympathizers, whom they looked on as assassins and robbers.

Thus ended the Canadian rebellion; the handy-work of a few political knaves and desperate adventurers, acting on the passions and ignorance of a portion of a virtuous and peaceful people. Whatever may have been their wrongs, real or imaginary, such an attempt at redress was but a murderous folly. Without arms, money, or combination—with leaders only conspicuous by cowardice and incapacity—with only sufficient spirit to prosecute their first success by an atrocious assassination—unsupported, discountenanced by the mass of the intelligent and wealthy even of their own race—opposed by the more warlike and energetic inhabitants of the Upper Province—they threw themselves madly into the field against the greatest of earthly powers; their only allies, the robber refuse of a neighbouring population.

As a political movement, it was an egregious

error; as a military effort, it was below contempt: not that one would wish for a moment to depreciate the merits of the brave and judicious leaders, and the gallant troops, through whose instrumentality it was suppressed; nor to speak with less pride and pleasure of those loyal men, who, from the chief justice of a province to the hardy woodsman—from the descendant of the earliest settler to the emigrant but just landed from his English home or Irish country village—had all, with ready heart and hand, fought for the crown and laws of our matchless country.

The republican journals of France took up the cause of the rebels with fiery zeal. Undeterred by profound ignorance of the circumstances of the case, they spoke of "their brethren in blood and principle, the six hundred thousand oppressed French in Canada, who had risen *en masse* against British tyranny, the motive and soul of which is inveterate hatred of all that is French."

On the 7th of September, the Governor of Canada, Mr. Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, communicated to the Parliament of the Upper Province a proposition from the English Government to unite the provinces, both to be represented equally in the new Legislature;

to agree to a sufficient civil list, and the charge of the principal part of the debt of Upper Canada to fall on the united province. This was agreed to, in both the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly.

In the month of March following, after the union, a general election took place, which was favourable to the Government in its results. Lord Sydenham addressed the House, in a sound and conciliatory speech, which was well received, though in the ensuing debate the difficult question of "Responsible Government" was much dwelt upon. He did not live to see the effects of his measures. In September he fell from his horse, and soon after died in great torture; continuing, however, to fulfil his duties with unflinching fortitude to the end. His last wish was, that his grave might be on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Bagot was the next Governor. He, to a certain extent, succeeded in the fusion of parties, admitting some representatives of each section into his ministry. He was shortly compelled, by ill health, to return to England, where he soon after died.

In January, 1843, Sir Charles Metcalfe, now

Lord Metcalfe, succeeded him. This distinguished officer was, for many years, in the service of the East India Company. In 1839 he was appointed Governor of Jamaica, where he had very great difficulties to contend with, but overcame them all; gaining the admiration, love, and respect of the inhabitants, and the fullest approbation of the authorities at home. On the 28th of September, Sir Charles Metcalfe opened the third session of the united Legislature, in a speech expressing the greatest anxiety for improvements in the colony, and for a more efficient system of emigration. He announced the act of the Imperial Government, admitting Canada corn to England at a nominal duty, and recommended various local arrangements for consideration. An animated debate took place on the subject of the future seat of government, which was at length fixed at Montreal.

Not long afterwards, the ministry insisted on a pledge that they were to be consulted on all appointments by the Governor; this was at once denied, as limiting the prerogative of the crown, and implying a want of confidence. The Ministry, with one exception, then resigned office; and were supported in this step by a majority of the House

of Assembly, who voted an address to the Governor, expressing their regret at what had occurred; but, at the same time, disclaiming any wish to exact a stipulation from the head of the Government. The session was then abruptly brought to a conclusion, and the authorities at home expressed full approbation of the acts of the provincial Governor. In the spring of 1845, the House of Assembly was dissolved on these questions. The result of the general election was the return of a good working majority in support of the worthy Governor and the views of the English Government. During the anxious time of his collision with the late ministry, the general election, and the meeting of the Parliament, Sir Charles Metcalfe laboured under intense bodily suffering, but with gallant constancy still continued in the discharge of his office. His successful zeal and wisdom were rewarded by a peerage, which, while conferring honour upon him, reflects it also not a little on the order to which he now belongs. Unfortunately for Canada, continued ill-health rendered his further stay in the country impossible; in the end of the year 1845 he returned to England, with the respect and personal regard of all those over whom he had ruled.

The Earl Cathcart, Commander of the Forces in North America, has been appointed his successor. It will only be necessary for him to be equally efficient in his civil, as he has been in his military, rule, to gain the respect and esteem of all.

CHAPTER IV.

QUEBEC—AUTUMN.

BUSINESS, and making arrangements for my sojourn for the winter, occupied a short time after my arrival. At our first leisure, the captain and I started for a day of sight-seeing within the limits of the town, despite the almost tropical heat of the weather.

Without entering into particulars about the public buildings, I may say, that the impression on our minds was, that they were exceedingly ugly. They are dispersed all over the town, as if ashamed of being seen in each other's company. There are five gates of the city, in the fortifications; from each of these, streets run towards the centre of the town, playing at cross purposes in a most ingenious manner, forming bends and angles in every conceivable variety of inconvenience. The Streets are

all narrow; the shops not generally showy, though much improved of late; the houses irregular. St. John's Street is the principal thoroughfare; it is paved with large blocks of wood.

There are several pleasant walks; one all round the ramparts; a platform, with a magnificent view, overlooking the river, and an esplanade to the land side. Wherever you can get your head high enough to look over the walls, you see around you a country of almost unequalled beauty. The portion of the city within the defences is called the Upper Town, and contains the dwellings of the wealthier people, and the shops frequented by them. The great majority of this class are of English origin. The private houses are built more with a view to comfort and convenience than external beauty, and few of them are of any pretension. The Lower Town consists principally of banks, merchants' offices, stores, and timber yards, with an amazing number of small hotels and inns.

The suburbs are nearly all built of wood, but have churches, hospitals, and convents of more lasting material. The great mass of the people in these districts are French Canadians. The total population of the city is little short of forty thousand, being an increase of fifteen thousand in fifteen years.

There are large Church of England and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and four churches of each of these persuasions, also two Presbyterian and two Wesleyan. There is a tolerable museum, and two good public libraries. The hotels are nothing to boast of; they are conducted on the American system, like boarding-houses: the sleeping-rooms are bare and uncomfortable; the furniture of mine consisted chiefly of my portmanteau.

Besides those of the citadel, there are three barracks, and guards and sentries in all directions. After nightfall you are met at every part of the ramparts with "Who goes there?" which, however, you answer or not, as you feel disposed. The town is not lighted, with the exception of a few dim oil lamps in St. John's Street, for which reason, perhaps, it is, that the city police seem to prefer that beat; and, as they are gregariously disposed, you may always calculate on finding a sufficient number of them there to apprehend the man who has knocked you down in some dark and distant part of the town, if you can only persuade him to wait till you fetch them.

Most of the streets have wooden *trottoirs*, very pleasant to the feet; those of St. John's are crowded like a fair for two or three hours in the afternoon,

with people shopping, and showing themselves. Womankind of all ranks dress here very much as in England. The *habitans*, or French farmers, usually wear a coarse, grey, home-made, cloth suit, with coloured sashes tied round their waists, and often red and blue caps of thick worsted-work.

You are never asked for alms; there is, apparently, no poverty; man is dear, and bread cheap. No one who is able and willing to work need want, and the convents and charitable institutions are very active in their benevolence to the sick and infirm. In everything in this quaint old town there is a curious mixture of English and French. You see over a corner house, "Cul de Sac Street;' on a sign-board, "Ignace Bougainville, chemist and druggist." In the shops, with English money, you pay a Frenchman for English goods; the piano at the evening party of Mrs. What's-her-name, makes Dutch concert with the music of Madame Chose's *soirée*, in the next house. Sad to say, the two races do not blend: they are like oil and water; the English the oil, being the richer, and at the top. The upper classes sometimes intermarry with those of different origin; the lower very rarely.

The greater energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, tells

in everything. They are gradually getting possession of the largest shops in the town, and the best farms in the country; nearly all the trade is in their hands; their numbers, assisted by immigration, increase more rapidly. The distinguishing characteristic of the Englishman is discontent; of the French, content; the former always struggling to gain the class above him, the latter often subsiding into that below. The time is not very remote when, by the constant action of these laws, the masses of the weaker family will be but the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the stronger.

These French-Canadians have many virtues besides their fatal one of content; they are honest, sober, hardy, kind to each other, courteous in their manners, and religious to superstition. They served with loyalty and valour in the last American war; the most brilliant achievement of the time was by a body of their militia at Chateaugay, numbering only three hundred men, under the gallant de Salaberry. General Hampton, with nearly twenty times their force, and a strong artillery, attacked them soon after he crossed the frontier, in his invasion of Lower Canada. He was repeatedly, and finally, repulsed; the defensive position was so well chosen and handled, that the assailants became

confused in the woods, and fired upon each other. In the end, leaving a good many prisoners in the hands of the victors as memorials of their visit, they hastily evacuated the country.

Efforts are now being made to extend education in Lower Canada; but there is great objection to it among the *habitans*, and indifference on the subject among their superiors. The people are wonderfully simple and credulous. A few years ago, at a country town, an exhibition of the identical serpent which tempted Eve, raised no small contribution towards building a church, thus rather turning the tables on the mischievous reptile.

Many of their expressions savour strongly of the national maritime pursuits of their ancestors, the early settlers; such as "embarquer" used as "to get into a conveyance;" "baliser" a road, is to mark its direction through the snow with the tops of fir trees; while the pronunciation even of the educated is peculiar, as, for example, "bon swere" for "bon soir." A party of Canadian ladies were the other day admiring a painting in one of the churches; a traveller from the United States, who was going about sight-seeing, was looking at it at the same time, and intruded himself somewhat abruptly on their conversation: after a few prelimi-

nary remarks, he observed "That the Canadians do not speak the pure language, like the French." "Alas, no," retorted one of the ladies, "we speak it much as the Americans do English."

Since Canada became a portion of the English empire, many of the laws relating to property have been found harassing and unsuitable, and have been changed by the representatives of the people. The action of those on bankruptcy is different from that in England: by settlements on another person, the property is secured from the effects of a failure, and this sometimes falls very injuriously and unjustly on the creditor. When a merchant starts in business he can settle ten thousand pounds on his wife, though at the time he may not possess half the money; a year after, he fails, when his debts and credits may be very large. The settlement on his wife stands as the first claim, which probably the creditor can meet, but no assets remain for the real debts;—so that the advantages of the failure are like Sir Boyle Roche's reciprocity—all on one side. In spite of the occasional occurrence of instances of this sort, the mercantile community of Quebec, as a body, hold a deservedly high position.

There was a great panic a few years ago, when the alteration in the duties on Baltic timber took

place, but time has shewn that the trade of the St. Lawrence, in that most important branch, is not in the least injured by it; indeed, on the contrary, that it has since largely increased: as fast as the trees can be cut down and shipped, our wonderful little island buys them all up. They now send us large quantities of flour and corn, and will soon be able to send us more, as the free-trade to England gives them the encouragement of very high prices; a re-taxation, by our corn laws would, of course, deprive them of their trade as they at present enjoy it—in monopoly.

The article they are most in want of in Canada, at present, is man—even the pauper; when they get that raw material, they soon manufacture it into "comfortable goods." As our production of this commodity is so rapidly increasing, we should take pains to supply their markets better. Poor wanderers! we should not speak lightly of their mournful lot—they find the struggle for their coarse food, too fierce at home: farewell friends—farewell the land they still love, though it only gave them the cruel gift of life! Trust me, the emigrant ship and the Canadian forest are not beds of roses. But there, with patient industry, they can always, in the end, work out prosperity.

The citadel is the object of greatest interest in Quebec. The approach is up a steep hill forming the glacis. Threatened by guns in all directions, you must pass by a winding road through a detached fortification, and arrive at the gate leading into the body of the place. The front is a high *revêtement* of cut stone, with several embrasures for cannon, and numerous loopholes for musketry from the bomb-proof barracks within. There are certain ineffectual forms of jealousy as to admission, kept up; my companion's uniform procured us immediate entrance. To the unprofessional eye this place appears impregnable, and is, no doubt, of great strength, in spite of one or two weak points, which the captain pointed out to me in confidence. It may, however, be considered perfectly safe from any besieging force likely to be brought against it from the American continent, for many years to come.

On the last day of the year 1775, the American general Montgomery was slain, and most of his followers shared his fate or were taken, in an attack on this stronghold: it was defended by General Carleton, the loyal inhabitants, and the crews of some English merchant ships; with about one hundred regular troops and invalids.

In the year 1838, Theller, Dodge, and three other state prisoners, from the Canadian rebellion, made their escape on a snowy night from this citadel, while in charge of a battalion of the guards; to the infinite chagrin of the officers, the two first got clear away from the town, the others were retaken, one with his leg broken by a fall from the walls.

A short time after this day's expedition, I was highly pleased at finding on my table an invitation to a military ball, which was to take place at the barracks: this offered the wished-for opportunity of judging if the living beauties of Quebec were as worthy of admiration as the inanimate. From those I had already seen walking about, I was inclined to decide very favourably; but there is no such place for forming an opinion on these matters as a ball-room.

Having discovered that ten o'clock was the proper hour to go, I presented myself punctually at that time at the door of the barracks, and, with a crowd of other guests, walked up stairs. The rooms were ornamented with flags, and stars of swords, bayonets and ramrods, arranged about the walls in a very martial manner; but the passages had an air of rural simplicity, being carpeted with

green baize and overhung with boughs of trees: little side rooms also were turned into bowers, sofas supplying the places of rustic seats, and wax lights of sunshine. Though the passages did not appear to lead anywhere in particular, they seemed to be very much frequented by some of the couples, after the dances, and the bowers were never unoccupied.

At one end of the ball-room was the regimental band, whence the lungs of some dozen or so of strong-built soldiers, assisted by the noisiest possible musical contrivances, thundered forth the quadrilles and waltzes. It was a very gay sight: about eighty daneers were going, through a quadrille as I entered the room; the greater number of the gentlemen were in their handsome uniforms of red, blue, and green; good looking, with the light hair, fresh complexion, and free and honest bearing of Englishmen; some were mere boys, having just joined from school, with very new coats and very stiff collars and manners. Then there were the Canadian gentlemen, with their white neckcloths and black clothes, generally smaller and darker than their English fellow-subjects, and much more at home in the dance.

On a range of sofas at one end of the room sat the mammas and chaperons, attended by the

elderly gentlemen; here also were the young ladies who were not dancing, but they were very few. I obtained a place in this group of lookers on, and found myself seated next an elderly young lady of rather an angular cast of mind and body; as she did not dance much, she had ample opportunity to give me the names and "historiettes" of the company. She was one of those whose tastes had taken a literary turn, and she had read nearly all Byron's poems, with Shakspeare from beginning to end. On the strength of this, she lamented to me the intellectual inferiority of many of her fair fellow-citizens; telling me in confidence that they did not read much, that, before their education was finished, they began receiving visitors and going into society. She wondered how sensible men could find pleasure in the conversation of silly girls, who talk of nothing but their amusements. Ill-natured thing! As she spoke, a quadrille broke up, and the dancers passed us by, two and two, on their way to the favourite passage and the bowers. The gentlemen seemed to find great pleasure in the conversation, whatever it was about; and no wonder, with such rich, bright black eyes to help it out.

The young ladies were nearly all clad in white

muslin, very simply, but very tastefully; I do not think I ever before saw so many so becomingly dressed, in proportion to their number; the fashions were much the same as in England, perhaps a little older in date.

They were generally very attractive, but it would have been difficult to single out any one with much higher claims to beauty than her companions. Most of them had dark eyes and hair, and complexions tinted with the burning summer sun; their figures were light and graceful, their manners peculiarly winning. There is one thing in which the Canadian ladies certainly excel, that is, dancing; I never saw one dance badly, and some of them are the best waltzers and polkistes I have ever seen in a ball-room.

I see my friend the Captain coming; on his right arm rests a little white glove with a little hand in it; and a pair of large, merry blue eyes, shaded by long, fair ringlets, are looking up into his grave face. He is so busy talking and listening, that he does not see me. Happy Captain, I wish I were young again! "What a pretty girl that is with the fair ringlets," said I to my sour friend. "Some people think so," answered she; "for my part, I think that silly smile is very tiresome."

There is a waltz! nearly every one joins. At what a pace they go! It makes me giddy to look at them. The brass instruments in that terrible band scream louder than ever. The room is filled with flying clouds of white muslin—with scarlet and gold flashing through. Surely they must be growing tired now; some of the young gentlemen with the stiff collars are becoming nearly as red in the face as in the coat. Some breathless couples vanish among the bystanders; others sink exhausted on the seats round the room. Now, there is a clearer stage, and we can distinguish the dancers better. There go the Captain and she of the fair ringlets! Her tiny feet spin round so fast that they can hardly be seen, she seems not a feather weight upon them. There is a limit to the power of human beings. That storm of wind instruments cannot last much longer. Hush! there is a calm. The whirlpool instantly subsides, and the stream glides away to the rural passage.

I was soon walked off from this gay scene to make a fourth at a rubber of whist, whence I was released to escort one of the chaperons to supper. While I was performing the necessary duties of attendance, the lady told me that there was to be a pic-nic on the morrow to the Chaudière:—

"Beautiful waterfall, large party, steamer sails from the wharf at eleven o'clock, happy to see you there." At this moment in came the Captain and fair ringlets:—"Dear child, don't dance too much to-night—hot rooms—pic-nic in the morning. My daughter, Sir."

I am very glad she is going, I will certainly go, too, thought I. Whatever the Chaudière may be, it will look the better for having those bright blue eyes sparkling beside it.

About two o'clock the ball-room began to empty; gentlemen with their pea jackets on sauntered about the foot of the staircase; every now and then, two or three figures, with extraordinary head-dresses and long cloaks, would emerge from the ladies' waiting-room, take the arms of the pea jackets, and walk away with them. There is the Captain, I know his walk. Who is that leaning on his arm? The face is quite covered up in the snug bonnet, but as they pass out under the lamp into the street to join their party, I can see that two or three long, fair ringlets have strayed out over the cape of the cloak.

At eleven o'clock the next day I joined the party, of some five-and-twenty people, on the wharf; soon after, we were taken up by a quaint little steamer,

and going merrily with the tide up the great river. About seven miles from the town we landed on the south bank. A crowd of country carts were waiting for us; we mounted, two in each, and placed some plethoric-looking baskets in an extra one. These conveyances were very simple: unencumbered with springs, or any other unnecessary luxury, the seat, slung with ropes across the centre, held the passengers; the driver, a little Canadian boy, sat on the shaft, to guide the stout little pony.

It was a beautiful September day; a fresh breeze blew from the river, rustling cheerfully among the varied leaves of the trees by the road side, and chasing the light clouds rapidly over our heads, while the landscape lay in alternate light and shade. The road was a very rough one; every here and there crossing little streams by bridges made of loose planks or logs of timber, over which the active little ponies trotted without a false step. The country was rich, but carelessly cultivated for two miles, and then we entered the bush; for about the same distance, we continued through it till we arrived at the halting place.

The younger people of the expedition had managed to get the fastest ponies, and were far

ahead of us; the lady who had asked me was my travelling companion, and our united weight kept us last in the race. We found them all waiting patiently for our arrival, and the partnerships seemed much the same as at the ball the night before. It was the custom of the country: lucky Captain that it should be so!

All now, old and young, scrambled down a steep and narrow path through the wood, making its echoes ring again with noise and laughter. At length the party, with a few exceptions, re-assembled at the foot of the Chaudière Falls.

The height of these is little more than a hundred feet, and at this time of the year there is but little water in the river; but it is a singularly beautiful scene: the rocks overhang and project, so that the misty stream plunges turbulently about among them, falling in a zig-zag course, half shrouded in spray, to the cauldron below, which is shut in by steep cliffs and banks. The waters foam and whirl about in an extraordinary manner near the fall, but grow still and dark again as they approach the gorge between the hills, when they pass through to the level country. By this gap opens a distant view of the fields and forests of the rich banks of the St. Lawrence. Overhead, and

wherever the grim rocks offer a resting-place, firs, pines, and cedars cluster down to the very edge of the stream, as well as on the little rugged islands between the divisions of the shallow river above the falls; while bright green mosses and lichen, with creepers hanging over the rough sides of the cliffs, in fantastic drapery, complete the picture.

When we had for some time gazed on the fair scene, we and the mosquitoes began to dine: the plethoric baskets yielded up their stores; a white deal box produced a dozen of bottles with long necks and leaded corks, which were cooled under a shady rock in the waters of the Chaudière. There was a great deal of innocent mirth, and the fun usually arising from such things as scarcity of drinking glasses and of knives and forks; a servant tumbling while coming down the steep path, and breaking half the plates; and a lean dog darting off with a fine fowl; accidents which are to be expected in pic-nics in all parts of the world. After dinner, groups wandered about in all directions; the falls were examined in every possible point of view. These discursive rambles were far too difficult for the chaperons to undertake, so they, wisely, did not attempt it, and quietly rested sheltered under the shade of the rocks, till the long shadows of the

pine trees on the deep pool told them it was time to muster their charge and return. It was some time before they were collected, and settled in the carts as before.

We recrossed the St. Lawrence in row-boats, walked to a friend's house in a beautiful little nook under a high headland, where every thing was prepared for the party—tea, lights, fritters, and an empty room. No one appeared at all tired; those who had walked the farthest in the woods danced the longest, and it was some time after midnight when we were rattling along the moonlit road to Quebec.

Such was a day's amusement in Canada; and I do not envy the man who could not be infected with the good-humour and innocent mirth of such kind and friendly companions, nor moved by the beauty of such scenery.

The ladies of Canada possess, in a great degree, that charm for which those of Ireland are so justly famed—the great trustingness and simplicity of manner, joined with an irreproachable purity. The custom of the country allows them much greater freedom than their English sisters; they drive, ride, or walk with their partner of the night before, with no chaperon or guard but their own never-

failing self-respect and innocence. They certainly are not so deeply read generally as some of our fair dames; they enter very young into life, and live constantly in society afterwards, so that they have not much time for literary pursuits; there is also difficulty in obtaining books, and the instructors necessary for any very extensive acquirements. But they possess an indescribable charm of manner, rendering them, perhaps, quite as attractive as if their studies had been more profound.

In this climate of extreme heat and cold, they very early arrive at their full beauty; but it is less lasting than in our moist and temperate islands; when thirty summers' suns and winters' frosts have fallen upon the cheek, the soft, smooth freshness of youth is no longer there.

The officers of the army show themselves very sensible to the attractions of the daughters of Canada; great numbers marry in this country; no less than four of one regiment have been made happy at Quebec within a year of the present time. The fair conquerors thus exercise a gentle retaliation on the descendants of those who overcame their forefathers. Nearly all the English merchants also have married in this country; and, from what

I perceive, those who still remain bachelors are very likely soon to follow their examples.

From the limited numbers of the society, few of these little flirtations escape the vigilant eye of the public, and as fair an allowance of gossip goes on at Quebec as at any place of its size in the British dominions; but it is seldom or never mischievous or ill-meant, and, while observing with wonderful penetration all the little partialities, it treats them with the leniency their innocence deserves.

Lake Beaufort, fifteen miles from Quebec, is spoken of as a scene of considerable beauty; the angling is sufficiently good to offer a further inducement for a visit, and to a stranger, its being actually in the bush makes it irresistible. One fine September morning, the Captain, the young Ensign, and I, started for its shores: the latter, in virtue of his youth, riding a high trotting horse, while we were driven by a little weazened Canadian, in a calêche. The first five or six miles of the way was an excellent turnpike road, then gradually growing narrower, and the ruts wider. There were neat rows of houses on either side, with here and there a church, and wooden crosses erected in conspicuous places, hung round, by the simple and

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religious Canadians, with rags, bands of straw, and other humble offerings. After some distance the farms became more scattered, and the intervening masses of bush more frequent, and of greater size. For the last few miles there was merely a track through the forest, where the trees had been cut down, leaving a space wide enough to drive through. We at length reached a large clearing; beyond it lay the lake, surrounded by undulating hills of rather a poor outline, clothed with the forest down to the water's edge, and, indeed, beyond it, for the quiet waves crept in among the bared and blackened roots of the lower trees, reflecting the distorted limbs upon their bosom.

It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the gorgeous colours adorning the foliage of a Canadian autumn. The sombre pine, the glassy beech, the russet oak, the graceful ash, the lofty elm, each of their different hue; but, far beyond all in beauty, the maple brightens up the dark mass with its broad leaf of richest crimson. For three weeks it remains in this lovely stage of decay; after the hectic flush, it dies and falls. This tree is the emblem of the nationality of Canada; as is the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland.

The Ensign had galloped on to the farm-house where we were to stop; we found him resting on a rude sofa, and complaining of a slight indisposition; determined to remain indoors, as the heat of the sun was very great, and he felt weak and fatigued. We unwillingly left him behind, embarked in a crazy little boat, and pulled to a promising-looking bay, with a pebbly beach, on the opposite shore.

The gentle morning breeze had ceased, the mid-day sun blazed fiercely down on the smooth, dead water, not a leaf stirred in the many-coloured woods; there was no bird or buzzing insect in the air, no living thing upon the land, and, what was worst of all, there were no trout in the lake; at least, we could not catch any, though we tempted them with all the daintiest morsels that our fly-hooks could supply. Our arms ached from casting the lines, our eyes, from the dazzling glare of the reflected light off the waters, and our ears, from the deep silence. So we put by our rods, skirting lazily along under the shade of the tall trees, till we were opposite our landing-place, and then struck boldly across the lake, and reached the farm-house.

Our companion was not better; he felt chill and weak. We wrapped him up as well as we

could, placed him in the calêche, and returned to Quebec.

The next morning he was worse, feverish, and his spirits much depressed; he ceased to talk, poor boy! of the sleigh he was to have in the winter, the moose-hunting, and the gaieties he and his companions looked forward to with so much pleasure—his conversation was of home.

That night he was bled; the day after he was no better, his ideas wandered a little, and his head was shaved; the fever was very high, but no one was alarmed about him, he was so strong and robust. I went again in the evening to see him, but he did not quite know me. It was necessary to keep him quiet; as he seemed inclined to sleep, we left him alone. In the next room five or six of his brother officers were assembled round the open window; I joined them, and we sat talking for some time on various subjects, the conversation gradually taking a more serious tone as the night advanced.

Near midnight we were startled by the door suddenly opening; the sick man came in, and walked close up to us. He had just risen from his bed; his eyes were wild and wandering, his flushed face and bare head gave him a frightful

appearance. "I am very ill," he said, "none of you think so, but I know I am dying." As we carried him back to his room every vein throbbed, the fever raged through him. All the medical advice the town afforded was summoned, and he was watched with anxious care all night. They fancied he slept towards morning: he seemed much better; it was said the crisis had passed; he was weak, but quite tranquil. They thought he was out of danger, and his friends left him for a little space, some to rest, others to pursue the amusements of the day.

At three o'clock that afternoon a military band was playing a lively overture on the esplanade close by; well-filled carriages were ranged on the road outside; two or three riding parties of ladies and gentlemen cantered about; gay groups wandered to and fro on the fresh green turf; merry, laughing faces looked out of the windows of the houses on the animated scene; the metal roofs and spires glittered in the bright, warm sunshine.

At three o'clock that afternoon, on a small, iron-framed bed, in a dark, bare, barrack-room, thousands of miles away from his kindred, with a hospital nurse by his pillow, the young Ensign died.

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All the rides and drives about Quebec are very beautiful: of the six or seven different roads, it is hard to say which is the best to choose, as we found one evening when arranging a large riding-party for the following day; but at length we fixed on that to Lake Calvière. At two o'clock on a fresh afternoon in October, some five or six ladies and as many attendant squires assembled on the esplanade, variously mounted, from the English thorough-bred to the Canadian pony; we passed out by St. Louis Gate at a merry trot, a slight shower having laid the dust and softened the air. We crossed the bleak plains of Abraham, now a race-course, and continued for four or five miles through woods and small parks, with neat and comfortable country houses; scarcely checking bit till we reached the top of the steep hill at Cape Rouge, where the road winds down the front of the bold headland to the low country beyond, on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

As we descended, the glimpses of the great river, caught every now and then through the close and still brilliant foliage of the woods, were enchanting. Several large ships, with all sail set, were running down before the wind; on the bank beyond, stood the picturesque cottages and shores of the hamlet of

St. Nicholas; the rustic bridge over the Chaudière River filled up the back ground of the landscape.

The younger people of the party paid but little attention to this scene, but a great deal to each other. When at the bottom of the hill, away they went again as fast as before; and, the road here becoming narrow, no more than two could ride abreast; as the pace began to tell, the cavalcade was soon half a mile in length.

Our way lay through country hamlets, winding up and down small hills, and crossing over rickety wooden bridges. Here and there above the little streams, stood a quaint old mill which in former times the Seigneur was bound to build for the use of the inhabitants on his estate. The people appeared very simple and ignorant; the farms wretchedly managed; the cattle poor; and the instruments of husbandry the same as the rude forefathers of the hamlet used a hundred years ago.

In every village there is a well, furnished with very primitive means for drawing water: a post is fixed in the ground close by, and on its top a cross bar moves on a pivot; from the light end of this bar hangs the bucket, by a long rod, the other end being heavy enough to outweigh and raise the

bucket, when filled with water by forcing it down into the well with the long rod.

The dress of the *habitans*, in the country parts, is very homely; they always wear the red or blue worsted cap; their complexion is nearly as dark as that of the Indians, but they are a smaller and less active race. As we passed along, they turned out in crowds to stare stupidly at the unusual sight; the lazy cattle moved farther away from the road; fierce little dogs ran from the cottages, and, secure behind the high wooden fences, barked at us furiously; trotting back contentedly when they saw us clear, as if they had done their duty.

Our way soon became only a path through the "bush;" we could see but a few yards before and behind: above, the sky; on either side the wall of firs, pines, and cedars, with some few flowers and creepers which had outlived their companions of the summer. The sound of our horses' feet on the hard turf rang through the glades, disturbing nothing but the echoes. There is no place more still and lonely than the American forest.

The woods were cleared away where we opened on Lake Calvière, a narrow sheet of water about a mile and a half long, with populous and cultivated shores; every here and there, a

spur of the dark forest which the axe has still spared, stretches down to the water's edge, through some rough ravine, with little streams winding through its shades. Some neat cottages, with well stored farm-yards, stand on the sloping hills. Herds of cattle grazed quietly on the rich grass by the margin of the lake, or stood in the shallow waters, cooling their limbs under the bright sun.

A couple of little canoes, with two women in one, and a man in the other, lay on the calm lake under the shadow of a rocky knoll covered with firs and cedars, the occupants leisurely employed in setting fishing lines. They were at the far side from us, and soft and faint over the smooth surface of the water, came their song,—"La Claire Fontaine," the national air of the Canadian French.

All our party pulled up for a brief space, to enjoy this beautiful scene in silence; but soon again the reins were slackened, and on, on, over the grass green lane by the edge of the lake, winding round the little bays and promontories, over the rude bridges, on, on they dashed, full of glee, laughing and chattering, some far ahead of the others, till they had doubled the end of the lake, and came cantering along towards home on the opposite shore. When we had encircled the lake we plunged again

into the forest. I stopped for a minute to take another look at the lovely picture: beautiful lights and shades lay on the soft landscape; and now, scarcely audible in the distance, the song of "La Claire Fontaine," came still from the little canoes. The gentle scene fixed itself on my mind, and remains stored up in the treasury of pleasant memories. But I must not loiter; my horse's head is turned away, and we do our utmost to overtake the party.

During the few closing weeks of the autumn I joined several excursions to other places in the neighbourhood of Quebec, all well worthy of the visit at any time; but, with kind and agreeable companions, beautiful weather, and the brilliant colours of the "fall" on the woods, they were seen to the greatest advantage. One of these excursions was to Lake Charles, away among the mountains twenty miles from the town, and the largest and most picturesque lake in the neighbourhood. There is only one log house on the banks, with a small farm; all around is "bush." It was very calm when we embarked upon this lake; we paddled to the far end, and up a little river through the woods. The waters were very clear and deep: we could see the hard sand and coloured pebbles, many feet

beneath, and the black, gnarled roots of the trees projecting from the banks. Our conveyance was prepared by fastening together two canoes cut out of solid trees, placed side by side, by planks laid over the gunwales; these little boats, when single, are very dangerous with unpractised passengers, but are impossible to upset when thus united.

When we were returning, the breeze freshened; the waves splashed up between the two canoes, soon nearly filling them with water, and thoroughly wetting us. To lighten them, half the party landed, and walked back to the farm-house through the bush. It is difficult to form an idea of the fatigue of this walking in summer; for two or three feet in depth the ground is covered with a network of broken branches and underwood, and, every few yards, the huge length of some fallen patriarch of the forest, so much decayed that it crumbles under foot, and overgrown with fungus and creepers, in some parts almost mixed up with the rich mould and luxuriant vegetation of the ground. It took us an hour to get through a mile of this, and many shreds of the ladies' dresses were left hanging on the bushes.

We dined at a little inn at the Indian village of Sorette; on our return saw the pretty falls; the

young savages shooting with bows and arrows; the squaws washing their embroidery; and the hunters trophies of the chace. The indefatigable young people managed to find two fiddlers, and danced till twelve o'clock, while an awful storm of lightning and rain kept us imprisoned. After midnight the sky cleared, and a bright moon lighted us home over the streaming roads.

There is pretty good shooting in the autumn, about the neighbourhood of Quebec: snipe, woodcocks, partridge, and hares; but it is usually necessary to go a long distance for the purpose, and success is at all times uncertain. In some low swampy grounds north-east of the town, twenty miles off, at Chateau Richer, snipe are occasionally found in great abundance.

The numerous lakes and rivers round about afford very good trout-fishing, but the fish are generally small. Salmon are plentiful in the Jacques Cartier River, twenty-five miles to the west, and in wonderful abundance at the Jacquenay. The mosquitoes are a great drawback to the sport in this country—indeed, almost a prohibition: in June and July they torment dreadfully in country quarters, but never venture to invade the towns. There are few other noxious insects or animals of

any kind within the bounds of Canadian civilization. The Louparvier is sometimes dangerous when suffering from hunger; but is never seen except in the more distant settlements, where this animal and the wolves sometimes devour a stray sheep. The black bear is occasionally met with in the neighbourhood. A young gentleman from Quebec, fishing in the Jacques Cartier, saw one the other day; he was so terrified that he ran away, and did not consider himself safe till within the town walls; while the bear, quite as much alarmed, ran off in the other direction.

The moose deer is sometimes dangerous in summer; not unfrequently they have been known to attack men, when their haunts have been intruded upon. An officer of engineers, engaged in drawing a boundary line some distance south of Quebec, told me that a large moose attacked one of his workmen who was cutting down trees on the line. The man ran for shelter to where two trees stood together, leaving him just room to pass between; the moose charged at him fiercely, striking its long powerful antlers against the trees, as he jumped back; he wounded the assailant slightly with his axe, but this only made the animal more furious. Racing round to the other side, the moose

charged at him again, and so on for two hours, till the woodman, exhausted by fatigue, was nearly ready to yield his life; but the moose too, was exhausted. The brute, however, collected all his remaining energies for a desperate rush at his foe. He had barely strength to step aside yet this once, when, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the moose fastened by the antlers to the tree, from the force of the blow; seizing the moment, the woodman sprang from his place of safety, and, with a blow of his axe, ham-strung the moose. The huge animal fell helpless on the ground, another gash of the weapon laid open his throat, and he was dead. The conqueror, wrought up to a pitch of savage fury by the protracted combat, threw himself on the carcase, fastened his lips to the wound, and drank the spouting blood. He fell into such a state of nervousness after this affair, that it became necessary to send him to a hospital, where he lay for many months in a pitiable state.

CHAPTER V.

QUEBEC—WINTER.

THE first few days of the snow falling are very amusing to a stranger; the extraordinary costumes —the novelty of the sleighs, of every variety of shape and pattern, many of these being also very handsome, ornamented with rich furs, and drawn by fine horses with showy harness, set off by high hoops, with silver bells on the saddles, rosettes of ribbon or glass, and streamers of coloured horse-hair on the bridles; while the gay chirping sound of the bells, and the nice crisp sound of the runners of the sleigh, through the new snow, have a very cheerful effect.

Ladies' dress does not undergo in winter so great a transformation as that of men; all wear muffs and boas, certainly, but the bonnets and pelisses are much like those worn in England. Men always wear fur caps, often with large flaps down over

their cheeks, enormous pea-jackets or blanket-coats fur gauntlets, and jack-boots, with india-rubber shoes over them, or moccasins of moose-skin, or thick cloth boots, with high leggings. In the very cold weather, they often wear coats of buffalo, or other skins, and move about like some great wild animal, with nothing to be seen of the human form but a blue nose and a pair of red eyes.

Although the temperature is usually kept very high within doors, by means of stove heat, people never seem to suffer by sudden transition to the extreme cold of the open air. I have often seen young ladies, when the thermometer was below zero, leave a hot room, where they had but just ceased waltzing, and walk quietly home, with very little additional clothing; the great dryness of the air preserves them from danger. In the very low temperatures, a razor may be exposed all night to the air without contracting a stain of rust. Colds are much less frequent in winter than in summer.

The winter markets at Quebec are very curious; everything is frozen. Large pigs, with the peculiarly bare appearance which that animal presents when singed, stand in their natural position on their rigid limbs, or upright in corners, killed, perhaps, months

before. Frozen masses of beef, sheep, deer, fowls, cod, haddock, and eels, long and stiff, like walking sticks, abound in the stalls. The farmers have a great advantage in this country, in being able to fatten their stock during the abundance of the summer; and, by killing them at the first cold weather, keeping them frozen, to be disposed of at their pleasure during the winter. Milk is kept in the same manner, and sold by the pound, looking like lumps of white ice.

The *habitans* always travel over the ice of the rivers in preference to the usual roads, as it is, of course, level, and they avoid turnpikes or bridge tolls in entering the town. They sometimes venture on before the ice is sufficiently strong, and after it has become unsafe, when it breaks, and they and their horses are precipitated into the water; the sleigh floats, the horse struggles and plunges, but can never regain the firm ice by his own efforts. The only plan, in this emergency, is to draw the reins tightly round his neck, till he is nearly choked, when he floats quietly on the surface; he can then easily be dragged to a place of surer footing, and allowed to breathe again. The poor animals have great sagacity in judging of the fitness of the ice to bear them: they will trot fear-

lessly through a pool of water on its surface, out in the centre of the river, during a partial thaw, knowing that underneath it there is solid bearing; but, in spring, they sometimes shew great reluctance to venture upon ice apparently strong, which their instinct tells them is brittle and unsafe.

In the general break up of the winter, in March, the snow roads become very disagreeable, and even dangerous; the hard crust formed over deep drifts by the tracks of sleighs and the severe frost, becomes weakened by the thaw and hollowed underneath, so that the horse's feet often break through, and the animal sinks up to his shoulder, and probably falls, while the crust may still be strong enough to injure him. Sleighs continue to be used; but, where the ground was not originally deep, it becomes bare in many places, and the runners grate over them with a most unpleasant sound and with great weight of draught.

During the winter, large quantities of ice and snow accumulate on the roofs of the houses: in the thaw this falls off, with a rushing sound and great violence, sometimes causing very serious damage; indeed, no year passes without loss of life or limb from it. Close by the walls is the safest place to walk at this time, as the avalanche shoots out

from the sloping roof by the force of the fall. There are regulations to oblige householders to keep away these accumulations, but this wholesome law is not sufficiently enforced.

I had seen the Falls of Montmorenci in the summer, and admired them very much, but was glad to seize an opportunity of visiting them also in winter, which afforded itself in the shape of a party of some twenty people. We assembled at the house of one of the ladies, at twelve o'clock. There was a very gay muster of carioles; some tandems, with showy robes and ornamental harness; handsome family conveyances; snug little sleighs, very low and narrow, for two people; and a neat turn-out with a pair of light-actioned horses abreast, and a smart little tiger standing on a step behind.

My lot lay in one of the family conveyances, with a worthy elderly gentleman, who gave me a minute account of the state of municipal politics, and other interesting matters. We jogged leisurely along with a sedate old horse, and were passed by all the party before we reached our journey's end, nine miles from the town. They looked very happy and comfortable as they went by us, particularly the Captain, in his long, low sleigh, with the high-actioned horses; for by his side, muffled up in the

warm, snug robes, sat a lady, with whom he was so busily talking that he nearly upset us.

It was one of those days peculiar to these climates, bright as midsummer, but very cold; the air pure and exhilarating, like laughing gas; everything seemed full of glee; the horses bounded with pleasure, as they bore their light burthens over the clean, hard snow. But I wander from my friends in the long, low sleigh. Half-a-dozen bright reflections of the sun were dancing in the little lady's merry blue eyes; her soft fresh cheek was flushed with the rapid motion through the keen air; her little chin sunk in a boa of rich dark fur, the smiling red lips and white teeth just showed above it; her arms were cosily lodged in a muff, resting on the bear-skin robe of the sleigh; and a small bonnet of purple velvet sat coquettishly on her head, only half hiding the long, fair ringlets which clustered beneath it.

We went by the river road, as it is called, over the ice; the northern side of the St. Lawrence, and the channel between the island of Orleans and the left bank, being always frozen over in winter. By this bridge, the traffic from the fertile island and the Montmorenci district finds its way to Quebec. The ice is of great thickness and strength; shells, from

mortars of the largest size, have been thrown on it from a thousand yards' distance, and produced scarcely any impression. Sometimes, the snow which has fallen on the ice, thaws, leaving large pools of water; this surface freezes again, and becomes the road for travelling. Such had been the case the day we were there; but a thaw had afterwards weakened the upper surface: our respectable old horse broke through, and splashed into the water. Not understanding the state of the case, I made up my mind that we were going through to the river, and jumped out of the sleigh into the water; when the old horse and I, to our agreeable surprise, found the under ice interfering between us and the St. Lawrence.

About an hour's drive took us to the Falls of Montmorenci: they are in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, hemmed in by lofty cliffs; the waters descend over a perpendicular rock two hundred and fifty feet high, in an unbroken stream, into a shallow basin below. At this time of the year the bay is frozen over and covered with deep snow; the cliffs on all parts, but especially near the cataract, were hung over and adorned with magnificent giant icicles, sparkling in the sunshine, and reflecting all the prismatic colours.

The waters foam and dash over as in summer; but in every rock where there was a resting-place, half concealed by the spray, were huge lumps of ice in fantastic shapes, or soft, fleecy folds of untainted snow. Near the foot of the fall a small rock stands in the river; the spray collects and freezes on this in winter, accumulating daily, till it frequently reaches the height of eighty or a hundred feet, in a cone of solid ice; on one side is the foaming basin of the fall, on the other the hard-frozen bay stretches out to the great river.

One of the great amusements for visitors is, to climb up to the top of this cone, and slide down again on a tarboggin. They descend at an astonishing pace, keeping their course by steering with light touches of their hands; the unskilful get ridiculous tumbles in attempting this feat: numbers of little Canadian boys are always in attendance, and generally accompany the stranger in his descent. A short distance to the right is another heap of ice, on a smaller scale, called the ladies' cone. The fair sliders seat themselves on the front of the tarboggin, with their feet resting against the turned-up part of it: the gentlemen who guide them sit behind, and away they go, like lightning, not unfrequently upsetting, and rolling down to the

bottom. The little boys in attendance carry the tarboggin up again, the ladies and their cavaliers ascend, and continue the amusement sometimes for hours together.

The party were in high glee, determined to enjoy themselves; they tarboggined, slid, and trudged about merrily in the deep, dry snow. The servants spread out the buffalo robes, carpet fashion, on the snow, and arranged the plates of sandwiches, glasses, and bottles, on one of the carioles, for a sideboard. When the young people had had enough of their amusements, they re-assembled, seated themselves on the buffalo robes, and the champagne and sandwiches went round.

Though the thermometer was below zero, we did not feel the slightest unpleasant effect of cold; there was no wind, and we were very warmly clad; I have often felt more chilly in an English drawing-room. It is true that the ladies carried their sandwich or their glass of wine to their pretty lips in long fur gauntlets, through half-a-dozen folds of a boa, but their eyes sparkled the brighter, and their laugh sounded the merrier, in the cold, brisk air, though their dresses sparkled with icicles, and the little fur boots were white with snow. There was a great deal of noise and merriment, with some

singing, and much uneasiness on the part of the elders lest we should be too late for a large dinner party to which we were engaged for that evening; we broke up our lively encampment, and drove home.

Over the snowy plain of the river the bold headland of Quebec stood out magnificently. The metal spires and domes of the town shone in the red light of the setting sun; the sharp, distinct lines of the fortifications on the summit, with the flag of dear Old England over all; and, through her wide dominion, her flag waves over no lovelier land.

The hour of dinner, and the arrangements of the table, are the same as in England. Some of the official people and the wealthy merchants, entertain very handsomely; the *cuisine* and wines are good, and the markets supply a fair extent of luxuries. Formal dinners are seldom graced by the presence of the younger ladies; they generally defer their appearance till tea-time, in the drawing-room; where, joined by a few of the dancing gentlemen and some young officers, they get up a quadrille or a waltz; music is not much cultivated, except as an assistant to the dancing. The French Canadians are very fond of cards; round games

are often introduced at their evening parties, and some even of the younger ladies can play a capital rubber of whist. Small plays, as in England, are also frequently introduced, to vary the amusements.

The young people often form large parties for snow-shoeing excursions; they walk eight or ten miles without fatigue, and the awkwardness and tumbles of those not accustomed to the exercise are a constant source of mirth. A man's snow shoe is about a yard long, by a little more than a foot wide in the centre; to the front, rather of an oval shape, behind, narrowing to a point. The frame is a thin piece of ash, bent into this shape, and strung with light strips of moose-skin, in the manner of a racquet or battledoor, but of so close a net, that when pressed upon the softest snow, it sinks but little into the surface. The foot is covered with a slipper or moccasin of moose leather, attached by the point to the snow shoe with straps of the same material, leaving the heel free to rise or fall with the motion of walking. The exercise is fatiguing to those who are not accustomed to it, but the elastic spring of the snow shoe lifts you along at a more rapid pace than the usual one of walking. The ladies' snow shoes are made much

lighter and smaller than those for men, and usually gaily ornamented with tassels of coloured worsted. Their moccasins are made to fit very smartly, and are decked with elaborate embroidery of stained moose-hair and beads, the handy-work of the Indian squaws.

The party takes a straight line across country, up and down hill, through bush and brake, stepping, without effort, over the tops of tall fences scarcely seen above the deep drifts. Many of the ladies walk with great ease and more grace than would be thought possible with such appendages, their light weight scarcely making an impression on the smooth surface of the snow; they slide gallantly down the steep hills, and run nimbly up them again, often faster than their unpractised cavaliers can follow them.

Some years ago, three English ladies, with their husbands, officers of the garrison, walked off into the "bush" on snow shoes, made a cabin in the snow, encamped, passed two nights in complete Indian style, and were highly delighted with their excursion. A worthy, matter-of-fact old gentleman, who lived near the place where they encamped, was greatly distressed afterwards to hear of the hardships they had gone through, and hastened to

tell them that, had he known that they were there, he could have given them all beds in his house.

When the ice takes on the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec, forming a bridge across, there is always a grand jubilee; thousands of people are seen sleighing, sliding, and skating about in all directions. This bridge forms about once in five years, generally two years in succession, not necessarily in the severest winters; but if at low or high tide the weather be very calm and the frost intense for that brief period, it takes across in *glace ice*, and usually remains solid till the beginning of May. Ice-boats come into play on these occasions: the boats are fixed on a triangular frame, with runners, like those of skates, at each corner; they are propelled by sails, sometimes at the rate of twenty miles an hour; they can sail very close on a wind, and tack with great facility; a pole, with a spike at the end, being made to act as a rudder.

The canoe-men employed during the winter at the ferry, use their utmost endeavours to break up the ice when there is an appearance of its forming a bridge, as by it they are deprived of their occupation. In common winters, the river is full of huge fields of floating ice in the main channel, carried

rapidly backwards and forwards with the ebb and flow of the tide; sometimes these are hundreds of acres in extent, and strong enough to support a city, crashing against each other, as they move, with a roar like thunder. Crossing the river at this time appears very perilous, but is rarely or never attended with danger; the passenger, wrapped up in buffalo robes, lies down in one end of a long canoe, formed of a solid piece of timber, worked with broad paddles by five or six men; they push boldly out into the stream, twisting and turning through the labyrinth of ice till they reach a piece too large to circumnavigate; they run against this, jump out on it, and start along, hauling the canoe after them over the floating bridge; when it is passed, the canoe is launched again, and so on till they reach the opposite shore. They are occasionally carried a long distance up or down the river with the tide, when the ice-fields are very numerous, and are two or three hours in crossing.

From the great dryness of the climate, very little inconvenience is felt from any degree of cold when unaccompanied with wind; but this—which, however, very rarely happens, is almost intolerable. One Sunday during this winter, when the

thermometer was at thirty degrees below zero, and a high wind blowing at the same time, the effect, in many respects, was not unlike that of intense heat; the sky was very red about the setting sun, and deep blue elsewhere; the earth and river were covered with a thin haze, and the tin cross and spires, and the new snow, shone with almost unnatural brightness: dogs went mad from the cold and want of water, metal exposed to the air blistered the hand as if it had come out of a fire: no one went out of doors but from necessity, and those who did, hurried along with their fur-gloved hands over their faces, as if to guard against an atmosphere infected with the plague; for, as the icy wind touched the skin it scorched it like a blaze. But such a day as this occurs only once in many years. Within a mile of Quebec I have known the thermometer down to thirty-eight degrees below zero, but there was no motion in the air, and the effect was quickening and exhilarating.

A small fire, which consumed a couple of houses, took place on one of these extremely cold nights; the struggle between the two powers was very curious, the flames raged with fury in the still

air, but did not melt the hard, thick snow on the roof of the house, till it fell into the burning ruins. The water froze in the engines; some hot water was then obtained to set them going again, and, as the stream hissed off the fiery rafters, the particles fell frozen into the flames below; there was snow three feet deep outside the walls, while within, everything was burning.

For about three weeks after Christmas, immense numbers of little fish, about four inches in length, called tommycods, come up the St. Lawrence and St. Charles; for the purpose of catching these, long, narrow holes are cut in the ice, with comfortable wooden houses, well warmed by stoves, erected over them. Many merry parties are formed, to spend the evening fishing in these places; benches are arranged on either side of the hole, with planks to keep the feet off the ice; a dozen or so of ladies and gentlemen occupy these seats, each with a short line, hook, and bait, lowered through the aperture below into the dark river. The poor little tommycods, attracted by the lights and air, assemble in myriads underneath, pounce eagerly on the bait, announce their presence by a very faint tug, and are transferred immediately to

the fashionable assembly above. Two or three Canadian boys attend to convey them from the hook to the basket, and to arrange invitations for more of them by putting on bait. As the fishing proceeds, sandwiches and hot negus are handed about, and songs and chat assist to pass the time away. Presently, plates of the dainty little fish, fried as soon as caught, are passed round as the reward of the piscatorial labours. The young people of the party vary the amusement by walking about in the bright moonlight, sliding over the patches of glace ice, and visiting other friends in neighbouring cabins; for, while the tommycod season lasts, there is quite a village of these little fishing houses on the river St. Charles.

On New Year's-day, it is the custom for gentlemen to call on every one of their acquaintances, whether slightly or intimately known. It is very common too for strangers, at that time, to call with some friend who introduces them; and many people who have been on cool terms during the year, meet on this occasion and become reconciled. The ladies of the house sit in state to receive the calls, and do the honours of the cake and liqueurs on the side table; the visits are, of course, very

short,—merely a shake of the hand, and compliments of the season, for some people have to pay, perhaps, a hundred in the day; but it is a friendly custom, and not unproductive of good feeling and kindness.

CHAPTER VI.

MOOSE-HUNTING.

At the end of February, the Captain and I started on a moose-hunting expedition. We had arranged that four Indians should meet us at St. Anne's, about sixty miles from Quebec, to the north-west, on the extreme verge of the inhabited districts. Jacques, the chief of the hunters, was to join us at Sorette, and guide us in our route.

We travelled in a low curricle, drawn by a couple of stout horses, tandem: a smaller sleigh with one horse and containing our guns and camp stores, followed us. Wrapped up in our blanket coats and buffalo skins, we felt but little inconvenience from the wind, which came sweeping up the road, bearing clouds of sleet and drift. Day dawned as we passed out through the silent suburb of St. Vallière; the streets looked lonely and desolate, no one was

yet stirring, and the snow during the night had obliterated all traces of the day before. As far as Sorette we had a broad, well-hardened track, but occasionally much encumbered with drifts; an hour carried us there, and Jacques was in waiting to receive us. He immediately asked for something to drink, which we unwisely granted, for he soon grew very troublesome and loquacious, taking his place rather unsteadily in the luggage sleigh: whenever we stopped he demanded more liquor, but was refused; he begged that some of his wages for the expedition might be advanced; he assured us that he was a man of honour, and insinuated that we were by no means of à convivial temperament. In a short time he managed, in spite of us, to become intoxicated to such a degree that we threatened to leave him behind; but he had just sense enough left to lie down in the sleigh and sleep the greater part of the journey. Once these wretched creatures taste "firewater," they have no restraint over themselves, and would give anything they possess, or risk their lives, for more.

The country we passed through for some distance on either side of the road was cleared, but beyond that lay everywhere "the bush." We crossed many streams half frozen over, where the waters

rushed along through narrow channels in the ice, and tumbled over large transparent blocks accumulated at the bends. The white snow over the undulating ground, and the black lines of the hills and forests, gave the idea of an etching of the beautiful scene. In summer, when decked in nature's varied colouring, this is a lovely land.

The snow began to fall heavily and fast, and the roads became narrow and deep; every here and there we met sleighs laden with wood or corn, driven by habitans; when there is not room on the track to pass, they pull their horses to the very edge on their side; the sleigh sinks down into the soft snow, which is five feet deep; by hanging on with all their might, they keep it from upsetting. Then our driver forces his horses past—the sleighs come in contact—ours, the lighter of the two, is pushed off the track; the horses slip into the soft snow, plunge out again, and, with loud *sacrés* and *marchez doncs* from the driver, and struggling and balancing on our part, we pass by. Sometimes, however, the collision ends by both conveyances and their contents being upset and plunged into the snow, where we, wrapped up in our robes, and convulsed with laughter, remain quite as inactive as the sacks of corn in the opposing sleigh.

About nightfall we arrived at a miserable hamlet, some ten miles from our journey's end, and stopped at the George Inn—a log hut—for some little time, to rest our tired horses. There was only a bar, and a sleeping room for the family, in this establishment. The proprietor was a Londoner, and spoke as if he had known better days. He told us that he was living comfortably, and was quite contented; that he had not been beyond the township for years, but occasionally got a Quebec paper, which gave him news of the great world. As he shewed us from the window, the clearing of a few hundred acres, with some dozen wretched log houses upon it, the rapid progress of his adopted residence seemed to be a great source of pride to him. "For," said he, "when I came to this place thirteen years ago, it was quite in its infancy."

Darkness added very much to the difficulties of the journey; but we were on an excursion for amusement, and wisely made even our troubles minister to the purpose. We descended by a narrow, winding road, to the ice bridge over the river St. Anne; on one side was a high cliff covered with bare firs and huge icicles, and whose top we could not see; below was much the same, where we could not see the bottom. When we were on the

steepest part, the wheeler found the weight pressing on him from behind, inconvenient, so he sat down and proceeded in a slide. The leader, alarmed at this novelty, plunged forward into the darkness, and disappeared over the cliff at one side of a huge pine tree, while we, the sleigh, and the wheeler, twisted up into an apparently inextricable mass of confusion, remained on the other, the traces and reins still connecting us with the invisible leader, as we judged by violent jerks at the cariole, simultaneously with the crashing of branches in front. This time we laughed less, and did more, than on the other occasions. As soon as we crept from under the capsized vehicle, we tried to fish out the leader from the darkness into which he had fallen. Both the drivers, and Jacques, who by this time had slept himself sober, came to our assistance, and, after a good deal of hauling and whipping, and the use of some very strong language by the Canadian drivers, we succeeded in getting the animal on the solid road again. He had fallen across the strong branches of a pine tree, and for several minutes remained in this perilous situation, partly supported by the traces, and kicking furiously all the time; he was too much exhausted by this to be put to again, so we drove him on in front, and had to

help him out of snow-drifts half-a-dozen times in the course of the remainder of our journey.

At length the other horses also gave in; it was as dark as pitch, and we had already travelled so far that we began to have a vague idea we had lost our way, in which our guide, the half-sobered Indian, seemed to participate. He, however, set to hallooing lustily; and, to our great joy we saw, in about a minute afterwards, a light in a house only a few yards off, which Jacques announced to be the place of our destination for the night.

Very cold and tired, I impatiently got out of the sleigh, and made a rush towards the beacon, but at the first step went up to my neck in the snow; the weary leader, thinking I had found the right road, plunged in after me—to my great terror —and in this predicament we both remained till the Indians from the house came with lights, and hauled us out.

Monsieur Boivin was the proprietor of the house where we were to pass the night. Its appearance was not favourable, and we found it did not improve on acquaintance. There was only one room, about thirty feet square, with two beds in the far corner and in the middle a stove, which kept it at oven heat. Our party

consisted of the lady of the house, and three daughters, four men of the family, the five Indians, half-a-dozen dogs, and ourselves. While the men poisoned the confined air with each a pipe of filthy tobacco, the women cooked some brown, unsightly mixture in an earthern pan on the stove, from whence arose stifling fumes of garlic. While a number of men such as these were smoking, the floor was naturally not in a state very tempting to lie down upon, but, having got some tea and biscuits out of our stores, we discovered two small islands in the sea of abominable expectorations, where we spread our buffalo robes, and settled ourselves for the night.

The dogs judiciously followed our example; and, finding the soft fur a very pleasant bed, lay down along with us. We kicked and drove them off as long as we were able, but it was of no use, they were back again the next minute. Their perseverance prevailed, and a huge wolf-like one, and I, made a night of it.

When the men were snoring on the filthy floor, and the lights put out, the ladies, under cover of the darkness, took possession of the beds. I had for my pillow the foot of the house clock, which, unfortunately for me, had been lately repaired, and

ticked with the rudest health. This at my ears, the dreadful smells, and the baking heat of the stove, kept me pretty well awake all night, and I fear I disturbed my wolf-like bed-fellow very much by my uneasiness. I believe, however, I had a sort of dream of the room being filled with house clocks smacking and spitting, and a huge Indian ticking at my head. As for the Captain, he slept in a most soldier-like manner.

At earliest dawn the house was all astir; the ladies re-appeared on the stage, the Indians were packing our camp kettles and provisions on their tarboggins, and we were eating our breakfast. I may as well say that the tarboggin is a light sleigh, made of plank scarcely thicker than the bark of a tree, and bent up in front like a prow; this, with a moderate burthen, is dragged by the Indians over the snow by a rope to the shoulder, with but little effort.

These tasks were soon accomplished; and, accompanied by the five horrible Indians and the pack of miserable dogs, we started. These Indians are a remnant of the Huron tribe, settled at Sorette, where they have a church, houses, and farms. They live, during the winter, by hunting, and such excursions as our own, for which they charge exorbi-

tantly; in the summer they labour a little in their fields, make snow shoes and moccasins, and embroider with beads. They are not of pure blood: I believe there is only one of the tribe who is not partly of French-Canadian extraction. It is a sadly degenerate race, cringing, covetous, drunken, dissipated, gluttonous, and filthy. They are even losing their skill in the chace, the only advantage they possess. But little darker than the Canadians in complexion, their hair is much coarser, and they have a savage and sensual expression peculiar to themselves. Their dress is the blanket coat and coloured sash, blanket leggings, moccasins of moose-skin, and a red or blue woollen cap. They take no other clothing with them into the bush in the coldest weather. With their snow shoes loosely tied on, and their tarboggin dragged from over the shoulder, they can get over a long journey without fatigue.

Our blankets, buffalo robes, and other necessaries, made up rather a heavy burthen; they were left with three of the Indians, to be drawn leisurely after us, while we, with the others, went ahead in our snow shoes. We were very slightly clad for the journey; the exercise keeps the traveller quite warm enough in any weather.

It was a glorious morning! The sun shone out brightly as in midsummer, but clear and cold. Over the open space of the little settlement where we had passed the night, the new white snow lay like silver sand, glittering radiantly; from the wind of the day before it was in tiny waves, like the sea shore when the rippling waters of the ebb-tide have left it dry. The morning was perfectly still, the snow of yesterday lay thick and heavy on the firs and pines, unstirred by the slightest motion of the wind, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Though one of the extremely cold days, there was nothing painful in the sensations; the air was thin and pure as on a mountain top: everything was bright and cheerful: the fresh snow, crisped by the severe frost, supported the snow shoe on its very surface, while we felt light and vigorous, and capable of unusual exertion.

There was no track, but the Indians steered for a huge old pine tree at the end of the clearing, on the verge of the forest; here all signs of human industry ended. We stopped for a few minutes under its branches to look behind us on the abodes of men. "Now we are in the 'bush,'" said our guide. From thence to the north pole lay the desert.

We strode on for several hours under the pine trees, on level ground, at length stopping to breathe at the foot of a hill. The Indians trampled down the snow for a resting place, made a seat of sapins —the tops of fir trees, and brought us deliciously cold and pure water from a stream close by; we heard its murmur distinctly in the silence of the woods, but could not see the little brook for some time; it was bridged over with ice and snow five feet deep, and only here and there, where there was a miniature cascade, was there an opening.

At noon we started again: three more hours of walking over an undulating country brought us to a small river, where we determined to pass the night. Latterly our progress had been very fatiguing, the underwood was thick and rose over the five feet of snow; being unpractised, we tripped occasionally over the branches and tumbled,—the struggle up again was no easy matter.

In making a cabin for the night, the Indians took off their snow shoes and used them to shovel out in the snow a chamber, about twenty feet in length by twelve in width; throwing the contents up so as to build a wall round it. They next cut some young fir trees and arranged them leaning against each other as rafters, to form a roof; cross branches

were laid over these, and a ceiling of birch bark, which is here like broad pieces of leather, completed this part. An opening on one side was left for a door, and the centre of the roof, uncovered, was the chimney; two large fresh logs were laid across the middle of the cabin, on which was lighted a pile of dry wood. The arrangement of the inside was a line of pillows, formed of snow, at both ends of the hut; our feet were to be close to the fire, half the party lying on each side of it. Sapins made up a soft couch on the cold floor, and buffalo robes were our bed clothes.

When these luxurious arrangements were finished, we went to the river, carrying an axe, fishing lines, and bait; cleared a part of the ice with our snow shoes, and with the axe cut a hole in it, about a foot square, down to the water. The admission of the fresh air evidently gave the unfortunate trout an appetite, for, as fast as the line was put down, one of them pounced on the bait and found his way to our basket, where he was immediately frozen to death; when he reappeared, to be cooked, he was as hard as if he had been salted and packed for six months. We soon got tired of this diversion, and returned to our lodging.

The Indians had cut firewood for the night, and

were busy piling it at the door; a large kettle, hung from the rafters by a rope made of green branches, and filled with a savoury mess of pork, peas, and biscuit, was boiling over the fire; a smaller one sang merrily by its side, with a fragrant brew of tea. The cabin was warm, and, with the robes spread out, looked very comfortable: loops of birch-bark in the clefts of two sticks stuck in the snow served as candlesticks: our valuables, including the brandy bottle, were placed in a leathern bag at the head of our sofa, and carefully locked up.

We ate a few of the trout, and tasted the Indian's mess, but our main dependence was on one of the cases of preserved meats, of which we had laid in a stock for the expedition. We had boiled it carefully in water according to the directions, and one of the Indians opened it with an axe; we were ravenously hungry, each armed with a plate for the attack, but, to our great disappointment, such odours issued from it that even the Indians threw it away in disgust. We richly deserved this, for attempting such luxury in the "bush."

The Indians all knelt in prayer for some time, before going to sleep; each producing his rosary, and repeating his devotions in a low, monotonous

voice. The unfortunate dogs, to make them more savage against the moose, had not been allowed to eat anything; nor to come near the fire, perhaps, to make them hotter in the chase; they all kept prowling about outside in the snow, occasionally putting their heads into the cabin for a moment, with a longing look. When, during the Indians' devotions, they found so long a silence, they began stealthily to creep in, one by one, and seat themselves round the fire. One, unluckily, touched the heel of the apparently most devout among the Indians, who turned round, highly enraged, to eject the intruder; he had a short pipe in his teeth, while he showered a volley of French oaths at the dog, and kicked him out; when this was accomplished he took a long pull at his pipe, and resumed his devotions.

About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders:—it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robes and blankets; but, at our heads, diluted spirits froze into a solid mass. We were very warmly clothed, and packed up for the night, but I never knew what cold was till then.

As I lay awake, I stared up at the sky through

the open roof; the moon seemed larger and her light purer, than I had ever before seen; her pale, solemn face looked down on the frozen earth, through the profound stillness of the night, like a presence. The bright stars stood out boldly in the sky, throwing back their lustre into the infinite space beyond, where man's feeble vision is lost in boundless depths. Overhead, the bare branches of the forest trees wove their delicate tracery against the blue vault, softening but not impeding the view of its glorious illumination. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of these winter nights in Canada.

The cold was, indeed, intense; my hand, exposed for a moment in wrapping the buffalo robe closer round me, was seized as in a vice, and chilled in a moment. I wrapped a blanket round my head, and my breath froze on it into a solid lump of ice. The flame of the fire burnt blue in the frosty air; and, though it was still very powerful, the snow not a foot away from it was crisp and hard.

Soon after daybreak we were on our way again. This day's journey was through a rugged and mountainous country; in many places the way was so steep that we had to drag ourselves up the sharp hills, by the branches and underwood. When we

came to a descent, we sat down on the snow shoes, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; there we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty, we struggled out again.

About once in an hour we stopped by some turbulent little stream, scarcely seen in the snow, to drink and rest for a brief space. The Indians took it in turn to go in front and "make track," this being the most fatiguing province; they all steered with unerring accuracy, apparently by an instinct; through the sameness of the forest, they, only, can trace the difficult route.

After about eighteen miles' journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burthen aside and told us we were at the place for stopping that night, and within two miles of the "Ravagé," or moose yard, of which we were in search.

These animals sometimes remain in the same "ravagé" for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then they only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply; from this lazy life they become,

at this time of the year, very fat. Our cabin was formed, and the evening passed much as the preceding one, but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that slept very soundly.

The morning was close and lowering, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the "ravagé," with four of the Indians and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we happened to touch them, and, soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our guns were the only things dry about us. The excitement, however, kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high, steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and in a few minutes all gave tongue furiously, in every variety of currish yelp. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the

hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still, and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third: at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on, but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure, fresh snow shewed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard, icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down hill through very thick "bush" and could not see him, but his panting, and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply

ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life.

On, on, the branches smash and rattle, but, just ahead of us, the panting is louder and closer, the track red with blood; the hungry dogs howl and yell almost under our feet. On, on, through the deep snow, among the rugged rocks and the tall pines we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging round a close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees rising from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose, facing us; his failing limbs refuse to carry him any farther through the choking drifts: the dogs press upon him: whenever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind.

He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large, dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly, upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape, or resist: I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes

would have tripped me up, to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel, he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him; nor would even the Indians; they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.

When the excitement which had touched the savage chord of love of destruction, to be found in every nature, was over, I felt ashamed, guilty, self-condemned, like a murderer: the snow defiled with the red stain; the meek eye, a few moments before bright with healthy life, now a mere filmy ball; the vile dogs, that had not dared to touch him while alive, licked up the stream of blood, and fastened on his heels. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and the tame and cruel sport.

The Indians knocked down a decayed tree, rubbed

up some of the dry bark in their hands, applied a match to it, and in a few minutes made a splendid fire close by the dead moose; a small space was trampled down, the sapins laid as usual, for a seat, from whence I inspected the skinning and cutting up of the carcase; a part of the proceeding which occupied nearly two hours. The hide and the most valuable parts were packed on the tarboggins, and the remnant of the noble brute was left for the wolves: we then returned to the cabin.

The Indians were very anxious that I should go in pursuit of the third moose, which I positively declined, partly because I was very tired, and partly because I would have gone twice the distance to avoid such another murder. The Captain arrived in about an hour; he had also killed his moose, but after a much longer chace. The kidney and marrow were cooked for supper, and the remainder, except what the dogs got, was buried in the snow; the craven brutes ate and fought till they could no longer growl, and then laid down torpidly outside to sleep.

That night there was a thaw; our snow roof melted, and the water continued dropping on us till we were thoroughly wet and uncomfortable. In the place where we were encamped there were a great number of birch and pine trees; at this time of

the year the former are covered with loose bark, hanging in shreds over trunk and branches: this is highly inflammable, burning with a bright red flame, and a smell like camphine; the Indians, by rolling it up tightly, make torches, which give a strong and lasting light. We determined on an illumination with these materials, to celebrate the events of the day; and, when the night fell, dark as pitch, we seized torches, made the Indians do the same, and started off in different directions through the wood, firing all the birch trees at the stem, as we passed. I do not think I ever saw a more splendid sight than our labours produced; fifty or sixty large trees, in a circle of a quarter of a mile, each with a blaze of red light running up from the trunk to the loftiest branches, twisting through the gloomy tops of the fir trees, and falling off in flakes, spinning round in the air, and lighting up the white snow beneath the dark arches of the forest, and the darker sky above. We wandered away still further and further, till the voices of the Indians, still spreading our glorious illumination, sounded faint in the distance. The fires immediately about the cabin had burned out, and were succeeded by a darkness more profound than before, and we had no small difficulty, and

some anxiety, before we again reached it. In this lonely desert we destroyed, without remorse, dozens of magnificent trees, which would have been the pride of an English park. We were two days' journey from the haunts of men; for years, perhaps, no human foot will tread these wilds again;—for ages none seek them as a residence.

The Indians ate enormously, indeed, till they were stupified, and then smoked, prayed, and slept. That grinning villain, Jacques, intrigued zealously to get hold of the brandy bottle, but we were too wise for him, so the wretch sucked a couple more marrow bones, and became torpid: as the leader of the hunters, he honoured us with his company at our side of the cabin, the Captain and I taking it in turn to sleep next him. There was a little wind during the night, and the smoke of the green wood which we were burning, became almost intolerable; it caused our eyes to smart severely, and there was no escape from it, for it blew about in volumes till morning, and was far more disagreeable than the cold of the first encampment. The moose meat had transported the Indians to the land of dreams, and rendered them indifferent to that or any other annoyance.

Jacques was very anxious that we should proceed

in search of more moose the following day; but we had had quite enough of the sport and of his company, and determined to return. The baggage was re-packed, the spoil dug up and put on tarboggins, and we "made track" for Quebec.

About half way on our first day's journey, the dogs, now somewhat recovered from the effects of the last night's repletion, rushed up a hill near us, barking in rather a plethoric tone; there was a rattling of branches, and the next moment some half-dozen Cariboo, or rein-deer, went by us at a gallop, about a hundred yards ahead. Shots from both our double barrels rang through the woods, and so did the crashing of the underwood, as the uninjured herd vanished in the bush. It was useless to think of pursuing them, for their light feet sank but little in the surface of the snow, hardened by frost after the thaw of the night before, and they went by us like the wind. This adventure shortened the road, and we put up at the same cabin where we had slept the first night, lodgings being still vacant; but we had some work in shovelling out the snow which had since fallen. Two or three chattering birds like magpies, called by the Indians "moose-birds," perched on the trees over us, and made frequent forays on the tarboggin where

the meat lay, but the dogs very properly drove them away. We fired at them repeatedly, but they hopped up as the bullet chopped off the branch on which they were perched, and lighted on another, screaming and chattering worse than ever.

The next morning we made a very early start, reached Monsieur Roivin's before noon, and got into our sleigh as soon as possible. The *mouffle* of the moose, which we carried with us, is esteemed a great luxury in Canada, and very justly so; it is the upper lip or nose of the animal, which grows to a great size, and is almost as rich as turtle; many think that the soup made from it has a higher flavour. The legs and feet were sent to the squaws to be preserved, and ornamented with stained hair and beadwork, as trophies of the achievements of the pale warriors; the rest of the animal is the perquisite of the Indians.

The roads were much better on our return, but we were astounded when we saw by daylight the place by the precipice, where we had been upset a few nights before. It was dark long before we reached Quebec. Our driver took the wrong road of two, which parted in a fork, separated by a high, stiff

wooden fence, with the top but just visible over the snow; before we had gone far we fortunately met a *habitan*, who told us of our mistake. The road was too narrow to turn. Our driver first cried like a child, then suddenly taking courage, *sacréd* furiously, and, seizing the leader by the head, turned him into the deep snow, towards the right road: a few seconds of plunging, kicking, and shouting—a crash of the fence—and we were all landed on the other road; the sleigh on its side, the horses on their backs, and the driver on his head. The confusion was soon corrected, and by ten at night we passed under the battlements into the gates of Quebec.

It would be vain to attempt describing the happiness conferred by soap and water, razors and brushes, and a clean bed in a moderate temperature, after six days' deprivation of their good offices. The conclusion which I arrived at, with regard to this expedition was, that the greatest pleasure derivable therefrom, was having it over. The next time I renew my acquaintance with moose, the Zoological Gardens shall be my "ravagé," a drowsy omnibus bear me instead of snow shoes, and the United Service Club shall be my cabin. The winter

life in the "bush" is well worth seeing, as a new experience; but as to the sport of moose-hunting—a day with "The Cheshire" is as superior to it, as were the Uncas and Chingahgook of the American novelist, to the drunken and degenerate savages of Sorette.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVENT—THE MADHOUSE.

DURING a winter visit to one of the Canadian towns, an opportunity offered of my seeing the ceremony of the taking the black veil, by two novices in a neighbouring convent. I was awakened long before daylight, and, in due time, tramping through the deep snow on my way to the place. There had been a gale during the night, the low wooden houses by the road side were nearly covered to the roofs in the heavy drifts; at the corner of each street gusts of wind whirled round showers of sharp, keen *poudre*, each morsel of which wounded the face like the sting of a venomous fly, and chilled the very blood. The clouds were close and murky, and the dreariest hour of the twenty-four, that just before the dawn, was made even more dismal by the cold glare of the new-fallen snow.

A large, white, irregular structure, stood on an open space in a remote part of the suburbs, surrounded by a high wall, with massive gates. Over the entrance were two dim lamps, their sickly flames hardly struggling against the wind for the little life and light they possessed; they, however, guided me, and, passing through a wicket door, I mounted the steps of the chapel, which lay within, to the right hand. On the altar seven tall tapers were burning, and round it many others cast a brilliant light. The end of the building where it stood was railed in, the other parts were in comparative darkness. Near the door ten or twelve spectators were standing; some of them were relations of the postulants, but they appeared not to be much interested in, or moved by, the ceremony.

On the right side of the chancel was a return nearly as large as the body of the chapel, separated from it by a grating of diagonal bars of wood, like the frame-work of cottage windows. This return was appropriated to the devotions of the nuns, who were of a very austere order; they were never allowed beyond the walls, or to see or hear the people of the outer world, except through these bars. I got a place on the steps of the pulpit, nearly opposite

to the grating, and awaited patiently the solemn scene.

When the hazy beam of the sun mingled itself with the light of the flaming tapers, the Bishop, in a robe stiff with gold, and covered with the insignia of his holy office, entered the chancel by the private door; two boys preceded him, swinging censers of burning incense, and chanting in a low, monotonous voice. Six priests followed in his train, their heads meekly bowed, their arms folded on their chests, and each in turn prostrating himself before the cross. High mass was then performed with all its imposing ceremony—distant, unseen choirs joining, from the interior of the convent. As the sound of the bell which announces the elevation of the host ceases, the folding doors within the grating of the return are thrown open, and the postulants enter with a measured step. They are clothed from head to foot in white, and chaplets of white roses are wreathed in their hair. Sixty nuns, two and two, follow in solemn procession, covered with black robes; each bears a lighted taper, and an open book of prayer in her hands. As they enter, they chant the hymn to the Virgin, and range themselves along the walls, thirty of a side; their

voices swelling like a moaning wind, and echoing sadly from the vaulted roof.

The two postulants advance up the centre of the return, near to the grating, bow to the host, and are exhorted by the Bishop; while he speaks they sink on their knees, and remain still. Four sisters carry in the veil, a pall of crape and velvet. While they bear it round, each nun bends to the ground and it passes; it is then placed near the postulants, and the priests perform a service like that of the burial of the dead. The thirty dark statues on either side give the responses in a fixed key, of intensely mournful intonation, unlike the voice of living woman. I almost fancy those sombre figures are but some piece of cunningly contrived machinery. But, under each black shroud, there throbs a human heart. School them as you may—crush every tender yearning the young bosom feels—break the elastic spirit, chase love, and hope, and happiness from the sacred temple of the mind, and haunt its deserted halls with superstition's ghosts—bury them in the convent's gloomy walls, where the dull round of life scarce rises above somnambulism—still, still under each black shroud will throb the human heart.

The postulants receive the sacrament, then one

rises, advances close to the grating, and kneels down before a small open lattice; she throws aside her veil; and, looking calmly at the host which the Bishop holds before her eyes, repeats the vows after his dictation, in a quiet, indifferent tone. Her's is a pale, sickly, vacant countenance; no experience of joy or sorrow has traced it with lines of thought. Of weak intellect, bred up from infancy within these walls, hers seems no change, no sacrifice; it is only like putting chains upon a corpse. Two of the dark sisters stand behind her; as the last vow is spoken the white veil is lifted from her head, and the black shroud thrown over her.

The second now comes forward: she is on her knees, her face uncovered. How white it is! white as the new-fallen snow outside. She is young, has seen perhaps, some one-and-twenty years, but they have treated her very roughly: where the seeds of woe were sown, the harvest of despair is plentiful—stamped on every feature. And the voice—I never can forget that voice—there was no faltering; it was high and clear as the sound of a silver bell; but oh, how desolate—as it spoke the farewell to the world! It is over—the symbol of her sacrifice covers her; she sinks down;

there seems but a heap of dark drapery on the ground, but it quivers convulsively.

The pealing organ, and the chorus of cold, sad voices, drown the sobs, but under the black shroud there throbs the human heart, as if that heart would break.

After the Te Deum has been sung, the Bishop delivers an address, in an earnest and eloquent manner, summing up the duties the veil imposes, and praying for Heaven's holiest blessing on this day's offering. The two devoted onesrise, walk slowly to the first nun, make a lowly obeisance, then kiss her forehead, and so on with all in succession; each, as she receives the new comer's greeting, saying :— "Welcome, sister." Then, by the same door by which they had entered, they go out two and two, the youngest last, and we see them no more.

Farewell, sister!

I have since been told the supposed cause of the last of these two novices taking the veil: though it is but a common-place story, it is not without interest to me, who saw her face that day. If you care to know it, it is as follows. Her father was a merchant of English descent. Her mother, a French Canadian, had died many years previously, leaving her and two younger daughters, who were

brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. She devoted all her time and interest to give her little sisters whatever of accomplishments and education she had herself been able to attain. Her face was very pleasing, though not beautiful; her figure light and graceful; and she possessed that winning charm of manner with which her mother's race is so richly gifted.

Her father was occupied all day long with his business; when he returned home of an evening, it was only to sleep in an old arm-chair by the fire-side. She had no companions, and was too much busied with her teaching, and household affairs, to mix much in the gaieties of the adjoining town; but she was always sought for; besides her good, kind heart, winning ways, and cheerful spirit, an aunt of her father's had left her a little fortune, and she was looked on quite as an heiress in the neighbourhood. The young gentlemen always tried to appear to their greatest advantage in her presence, and to make themselves as agreeable as possible. She was, perhaps, the least degree spoilt by this, and sometimes tossed her little head, and shook her long black ringlets quite haughtily, but every one that knew her, high and low, liked her in spite of that, and she deserved it.

About four years ago, at a small party given by one of her friends, she met, among other guests, the officers of the Infantry regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. All were acquaintances except one, who had only a few days before arrived from England. He did not seem inclined to enter into the gaieties of the evening, and did not dance till near the close, when he got introduced to her. As soon as the set was over, he sat talking with her for a little time, and then took his leave of the party. She was flattered at being the only person whose acquaintance the new-comer had sought, and struck by the peculiarity of his manner and conversation. A day or two afterwards he called at her house; she was at home, and alone. A couple of hours passed quickly away, and, when they bid good evening, she was surprised to find it was so late. After that day the acquaintance progressed rapidly.

He was about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, the only son of a northern squire, of considerable estate, but utterly ruined fortunes. His father had, however, always managed to conceal the state of affairs from him till a few months previously, when an accidental circumstance caused it to reach his ears. Without his father's knowledge

he at once exchanged from the regiment of Hussars in which he then was, to an Infantry corps, met the most pressing claims with the few thousand pounds this sacrifice placed at his disposal, and went home for a few days to take leave of his parents before joining his new regiment in Canada. At first they were inconsolable at the idea of parting with him, even for this short time; for all their love, and pride, and hope, were centered in their son, and he, in return, was devotedly attached to them. Soon, however, they were persuaded of the wisdom of what he had done; and, deeply gratified by this proof of his affection, with many an earnest blessing they bade him farewell.

Of an ancient and honoured family, he bore the stamp of gentle birth on every limb and feature. His mind was strong, clear, and highly cultivated; his polished manner only sufficiently cold and reserved to make its relaxation the more pleasing. In early life he had joined in the wild pursuits, and even faults, which indulgent custom tolerates in the favoured classes; but still, through all, retained an almost feminine refinement and sensibility, and a generous unselfishness, sad to say, so seldom united with the hard, but useful knowledge of the world. Though rather of a silent habit, whenever

he spoke, his conversation was always interesting, often brilliant. Such was her new acquaintance.

Poor child, in her short life she had never seen any one like him before: she was proud and happy that he noticed her; he, so much older than she was, so stately and thoughtful, and he spoke so beautifully. She was rather afraid of him at first, but that soon wore away; she fancied that she was growing wiser and more like him; she knew she was growing nearer, nearer; fear brightened into admiration, admiration warmed into love. Without a mother, or grown-up sister, or intimate friend to tell this to, she kept it all to herself, and it grew a stronger and greater tyrant every day, and she a more submissive slave. He now called at the house very often, and whenever there was a country driving party, he was her companion; in the ball-room, or riding, or walking, they were constantly together: it was the custom of the country—no one thought it strange.

So passed away the winter: in summer the regiment was to return to England, but he had become much attached to the simple Canadian girl. Her confidence in him, her undisguised preference, joined with a purity that could not be mistaken, won upon him irresistibly. He saw that

her mind was being strengthened and developed under his influence;—that she did her utmost to improve herself and enrich the gift of a heart already freely, wholly given: he felt that he was essential to her happiness: he fancied she was so to his. They had no secrets from each other: he told her his prospects were ruined; that his father's very affection for him, he feared, would make him more inexorable in withholding sanction from a step that might impede his worldly advancement: that the difference of their religion would add greatly to the difficulty. His father's will had ever been his law: before it came to the old man's time to "go hence and be no more seen," it was his fondest wish in life to be blessed with a father's blessing, and to hear that he had never caused him a moment's anxiety or regret.

Then they sat down and consulted together, and he wrote to his parents, earnestly praying them to consent to his wishes for this union, appealing to their love for him, and using every argument and persuasion, to place it in the most favourable light. He doubted, and trembled for the reply. She doubted not. Poor child! She knew that in the narrow circle about her, she and her little fortune would be welcomed into any household;

beyond that, she knew nothing of the world, its pride, its luxuries, its necessities: it was almost a pleasure to her to hear that he was poor, for she fancied her pittance would set him at ease. In short, she *would* not doubt, and waited for the answer to the letter, merely as the confirmation of her happiness.

Weeks have passed away; the time of the departure of the regiment is close at hand, but the English post will be in to-morrow. The delay has been a time of eager anxiety to him: joyful anticipation for her. They agree to open the answer together. The post arrives. A heap of letters are laid on his table. He snatches up one, for he knows the handwriting well; it is a little imperfect, for the writer is an old man, but hard, firm, determined. He hastens to her house: they do not speak, but go out into the garden, and stop at the end of the walk on the little terrace.

The view over the broad rich valley is beautiful to-day: the young summer has painted earth in all her choicest colouring, but they do not observe it, they are looking on the letter; he pale, almost trembling: she flushed with happy hope;—her tiny fingers break the seal. The summer evening of her land has but little twilight: the sun, like a

globe of fire, seems to drop from out the sky behind the earth, and leaves a sudden darkness.

So, as she read, set the sun of hope, but the night that fell upon her soul had never a morning.

The Lunatic Asylum for Lower Canada has been lately established at Beaufort, five miles from Quebec. Three eminent medical men of this city have undertaken it, under charter from the provincial government, which makes an annual allowance for the support of the public patients. At present there are eighty-two under their care. The establishment consists of a large house, occupied by the able superintendent and his family, where, as a reward for good conduct, some of the convalescents are occasionally admitted. Behind this is a range of buildings forming two sides of a square, the remaining enclosure of the space being made with high palings. These structures stand in a commanding situation, with a beautiful view of Quebec, and the broad basin of the river. A farm of a hundred and sixty acres is attached to them.

The system of this excellent institution is founded on kindness. No force or coercion of any kind is employed; the patients are allowed to mix freely, work, or pursue whatever may be the bent of their inclinations. They dine together at a

well supplied table, and are allowed the free use of knives and forks. On one side of the dining hall are the apartments of the female patients, on the other those of the males. They each consist of a large, well-ventilated room, scrupulously clean, with a number of sleeping wards off it; over head is also a large sleeping apartment.

In the morning-room of the female patients were about thirty women, as neatly clad as their dreadful affliction would allow of; many of them of every variety of hideously distorted frame and face. Some sat sewing quietly, with nothing uncommon in their appearance—at least as long as their eyes were fixed upon their work. Others crouched in corners, covering their haggard faces with their long bony fingers. Others moped about, grinning vacantly, and muttering unformed words; the unnatural shake of the head, the hollow receding forehead, the high cheek bones, and diminutive lower jaw, betokening hopeless idiotcy. Others again, hurried eagerly about, all day long seeking in every corner with restless, anxious eyes, for some supposed lost treasure.

One tall, handsome girl, about twenty years of age, sat by the window, looking fixedly on the ground, noticing nothing which passed around her.

She was very neatly dressed, and looked so quiet, that at first I thought she was one of the nurses. When I spoke to her she answered me in rather a sullen tone, but with perfect composure; she did not even move her large black eyes as she spoke, but I could see that they were dull, like beads. I could not learn the histories of many of these patients. They had been sent here from various parts of the country, without any description, and in some cases not even named. This girl's madness was desponding; she was occasionally very dangerous when apparently convalescent, and had several times tried to destroy herself.

One idiot woman stood all the time with her face turned to the wall, in a corner. She was not dumb, but did not know how to speak. It is not known to what country she belonged, her name, or whence she came. She was found a long time ago wandering wild in the woods, part of her feet bitten off by the frost. She shuns human beings with terror; her inclination seems always to escape, and wander away again.

A jabbering maniac became violent while we were there, beating her bald head, grinding her long black teeth, and chuckling with a horrible, hyena laugh. Her small, sunken eyes burned like

coals. One of the nurses took her by the arm, and carried her down stairs to be placed by herself; this is the greatest punishment inflicted. She instantly became subdued, cried, and begged to be allowed to remain above.

I asked a sad-looking old woman, who sat rocking herself to and fro on a chair, how long she had been in this place? She told me she had forgotten, years and years ago. The stronger patients are often very kind to the crippled and weak, carrying them about for hours in the sunshine; but the mad seem to have a great hatred and contempt for the idiots, and would often beat them, were they allowed.

Most of the men were out of doors at work, or picking oakum in the sheds. A fine-looking young fellow held my horse, sitting for more than an hour in the conveyance. He was considered one of the most trustworthy, having sense enough to know that he was mad; but for the awful stare of his eyes, I should not have noticed any peculiarity in his appearance or manner. While I was preparing to leave, about a dozen other male patients returned from their labour, accompanied by a keeper. As they passed, one of them was pointed out for my observation: a quiet, mild-

looking man, about fifty years of age. Respectably connected, and formerly prosperous in the world, he had become insane, had now for many years been in confinement, and was remarkable for gentleness and obedience. Some time ago, at an asylum at Montreal, while employed with another patient in cutting up wood, he seized an opportunity when his companion was stooping, and struck off the man's head with an axe; afterwards he quietly resumed his work. Neither at that time, nor ever since, has he been in the least violent; the deed seemed to 'cause him neither joy nor sorrow. He was quite unconscious that he had done any thing unusual.

In summer many of the patients are employed on the farm, or as builders and carpenters: an ice-house for their use has just been finished by one of them. Some of the convalescents are allowed occasionally to visit their friends, and always return punctually at the time appointed. With very few exceptions, music appears to cause them great pleasure, soothing, rather than exciting them. They often dance, and are very fond of the amusement. In the spring, when the navigation opens, they crowd round the windows, and gaze with delight at the ships sailing up the magnificent river;

particularly those patients who have come from the old country; they seem to have a vague idea that these stately ships are brought here to bear them home.

Some of them talk a great deal to each other, but seldom get, or seem to expect, answers to what they say. It pleases them much to speak to visitors, and they thus make an effort to tell what may be asked of them, but will not take this pains with their fellow-patients. It is not worth while; they know that they are mad.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRE.

THE 28th of May, 1845, will long be remembered at Quebec. The day was scorching hot, with a high wind, and clouds of dust rushing along the roads, in exposed places spinning round and round in little whirlwinds, almost choking those who were caught in their vortex.

But this is the busy time of the year; the streets and shops are crowded, the river covered with floating rafts of timber. Every hour, ships of the spring fleet round Point Levy, and make their numbers, in coloured flags, to their joyful owners. Masons and carpenters are hard at work, building on the vacant spaces of the streets, or repairing the ruins from small winter conflagrations. Over the rich valley of the St. Charles the husbandmen ply the spade and plough, and on the plains of

Abraham a regiment of soldiers are skirmishing in loose and picturesque array. Every thing around betokens life and activity. Sudden and harsh among these pleasant scenes, the bells of the churches of St. Roch rang out the well known alarm of FIRE. It was a quarter of an hour before noon when the first peal sounded.

Shortly afterwards, from among the thick clouds of dust arose a thin column of white smoke, at the far end of the suburb of St. Vallière, under the steep cliff. At first but little attention was excited, it was so common an occurrence, and only a few firemen hastened to the spot. They found that a large tannery had taken fire. The fire had spread to some extent, and there was great difficulty in procuring water. Sparks, and now and then a flame, began to shoot up into the smoke, already thick and much increased. The locality is unfortunate, for all the buildings round are of wood; the population, too, is very dense, chiefly of the simple and unenergetic French Canadians.

The sparks are borne away on the wind—but for this wind all would yet be well—and rest on the dry, shingle roofs; however, numbers of people are at hand, perched on the tops of the houses, to protect them. For about an hour the progress is

but small; a stout Englishman is seated on the building next to the tannery, and, though the wind blows the stifling smoke and the sparks into his face, he boldly keeps to his work, to save his little property. He spreads wet blankets upon the shingles, changing them in a minute or two when dry and scorched; and, wherever the fire rests for a space, he is ready with a vessel of water.

But while this struggle is going on, a shout from the opposite side of the street proclaims that the fire has reached across, and the thickening smoke from above, shews that the houses on the cliff have also caught. At the same time, the blazing ruins of the tannery fall in with a heavy crash; smoke and flame burst out through the windows of the next house, and soon after, through the roof itself. The poor fellow who had kept it down so long, still struggles hard against it, and it is not till the ladder which he had ascended takes fire that, maimed and blackened, he comes down, and stands staring in despair at the progress of his ruin.

But this is no time to dwell on individual misery, for the flames increase rapidly, the wind still driving them fiercely on: sometimes they spread along the shingle roofs, at others work their

way through the under stories of half a dozen houses unperceived, till, suddenly meeting with some more combustible matter, they burst out above and at the windows. As the flames gain ground, they suck the wind down the narrow streets in whirling eddies. Every here and there the burning frame-work of a house tumbles in, and a shower of fiery morsels rises in the air, then sweeps along with the intolerable dust and smoke, spreading the destruction still further.

A large district is now in a blaze; there is no water; fire engines are useless; and, besides, the case is past their aid. A number of soldiers with ropes and axes come doubling down the hill: they set stoutly to their work, and hack and tear down the houses nearest to the flames, thus making a gap in hope of stopping the communication. But the fire is lifted up by the wind, and leaps on into other streets, and fastens fiercely on its prey. Far away to leeward, the red plague bursts up through the wooden roofs and the planked roads; overhead, under foot, on every side, it seems to close round the soldiers. They fall back from place to place, black with smoke and dust, but still struggling almost against hope.

The inhabitants become frantic with terror;

some rush into the flames on one side, in flying from them on the other; many madly carry about articles of furniture already on fire, spreading the mischief in places before untouched; others sit down in the helplessness of despair, and weep like children. The sick and infirm are carried off from the far distant parts of the town; carts and calèches filled with fugitives, and the few precious things they had been able to snatch away, dash along the streets in all directions, forcing their way through the crowds. Sometimes, in the dense smoke and dust they drive against one another, break, upset; and the wretched people they convey have to leave all behind them, and hasten away. Even strong men, who lingered too long, trying to save their little household goods, are suffocated by the smoke, and overtaken by the flames.

The government fuel yard is a large space surrounded with wooden palings, where the suburb of St. Roch narrows between the river St. Charles and the walls of the upper town; it is enclosed in three parts of a square of buildings, a long street running under the walls at the farther side from the river, and parallel to it. At this place the troops make a great effort to stop the conflagration; they hew down the wooden palings, destroy several

houses at the end of the row under the walls, and the fire-engines pump away gallantly. This is about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Suddenly a hurricane arises; the blazing shingles are lifted into the air; planks and rafters, edged with fire, whirl over the ground, and the flames race along the street with terrible rapidity. All run for their lives; the fire-engines are with difficulty dragged away; indeed, some are abandoned in the flight. Almost the only outlet now from the suburb is the gate through the walls into the upper town. As the crowd crushes through, the flames close over every thing behind them.

In the mean time, from the showers of sparks and the intense heat, the Artillery Barrack has taken fire in several parts of the shingle roofs and wooden palings. Although separated by a long glacis and high bastions from the burning district, the grass on the ramparts burns up like straw. There is plenty of assistance; the roofs are drenched with water, but still the fire gains ground. A heavy shower of rain comes seasonably to aid; and the barracks are saved, and with them the upper town.

The fire, however, rages more furiously than ever, outside the walls; spreading thence to the water, along the whole northern face, below the

batteries and the magazine. This rumour runs through the crowd in a moment, and fills them with dismay. There are two hundred tons of powder in that magazine—should the fire reach it, not one stone upon another, not a living soul, will remain as a record of Quebec. The fire is close under the walls below the magazine—the smoke and flames rise above them, and whirl round and round with the eddying wind. The bright tin roof flashes back the livid light on the soldiers who are toiling about it, piling up wet clay at the doors and windows, tearing down the wooden houses near, pulling up the platforms of the batteries and the planks of the coping, and throwing them over the walls into the fire below. The crisis passes, the magazine is safe.

Now, for nearly a mile in length, and from the battlements to the river, is one mass of flame; the heat and suffocating smell are almost intolerable; the dense black smoke covers everything to leeward, pressing down the clouds upon the hills many miles away, and drenching them with unexpected rain. Vessels cut their cables, and drift, half on fire, down the river; the streams and wells in the suburbs are baked up dry; churches, hospitals, ship-yards, each but a red wave in the fiery sea.

Though it is past eight o'clock in the evening, there is more light than at noon day; but it is a grim illumination, showing the broad St. Lawrence like a stream of blood, and covering the dark and lowering clouds above with an angry glow."

The lower town has taken fire! Here are the banks, the storehouses, the merchants' offices—all the most valuable property in the city. One more effort is made to save it. The flames have now reached the narrow neck between the ramparts and the water, and here there is a hope of stopping their progress. The General of the troops is on the spot; he orders a house to be blown up. Powder has been kept ready at hand, and a charge is tried; the building, when it is placed, is torn to pieces by the explosion, but still the flames stalk on. Directions are given to try again, with a heavier charge. Now, four stout artillerymen carry a large barrel of gunpowder down to the place; it is covered with wet blankets, and the top secured with clay, for the sparks fall thickly round; then the bugles sound the retreat; the staring crowds and busy soldiers fall back from the neighbouring streets. None are near the spot but the gunners and their officers; they place the charge in a niche on the lower story of a strong stone house, about

the centre of the narrow neck of land; the fire has already reached the building, and through the upper windows, smashing the glass, breaks out clear and strong. The sergeant lights a short fusee in the barrel of gunpowder. The door of the house is burning, but they escape through the window, and run over the blazing beams and torn-up streets, for shelter. For a few seconds all eyes are strained upon this spot, and the noises of the crowd sink to silence. Then the earth shudders, and, with a dull, booming sound, up, up into the black sky shoots a spout of fire, and from above descends a shower of fiery beams, huge stones, and fragments of the torn roof:—a moment more, and all sink into a dark gap of smoking ruins. The plague was stayed; the greater fire ate up the less; for a few minutes the very wind seemed conquered by the shock.

But in St. Roch's the fire raged still as long as it found food to devour, and a slight change of wind during the night threatened the suburb of St. Vallière, which had hitherto escaped with but little damage. The flames had not quite burned out till noon the following day. In the government fuel yard there was an immense heap of coal, which burned for several weeks, and afforded

warmth to some of the shivering unfortunates who had neither home nor roof.

The next was a dismal day in Quebec; crowds of people wandering about for shelter, some with bundles on their backs, containing the little they had saved; others, lying under the walls on beds, with half-burnt blankets wetted with the heavy rains, their few household goods strewed round them; others, inquiring eagerly for some lost mother, wife, or child, whom they are to see no more. Others, severely burned or injured by falling beams, seeking for aid and advice; and waggons heavily laden, drawn by weary horses, driven hither and thither to find some place of rest.

I met one wretched old man, his hand badly burnt and hastily bound up, returning despairingly and exhausted into the town. His cow—all he possessed in the world—had strayed away in the confusion of the night before. After having sought her in vain all day long through the country round, he sat down on the ruins of his little shed and wept bitterly. He was an Irish emigrant, lately arrived, and had neither wife nor child: they had died at home long since, and here he had no friend; the lone old man was too weak to work,

and had laid out the small sum remaining after his voyage in buying the animal now lost, which had since been his support.

But the wealthy and uninjured were not idle; a public meeting was called, and six thousand pounds subscribed on the spot; large stores and public buildings were thrown open for the houseless; a quantity of clothing and blankets were given them; food was supplied by the commissariat; the medical men, with active benevolence, tended the wounded: the civil and military officers and the poor soldiers gave all they could, in proportion to their means; private charity was unbounded, whole families of wanderers were received into the houses of the rich, while the poor shared their shelter, as far as it went, with their now still poorer fellow-citizens. The insurance offices met their engagements, though reduced to the verge of ruin. From the country round, and distant parts of Canada, assistance came freely in: one little rural parish sent a few shillings—all the money they had—and cart-loads of firewood, corn, and home-made cloth, their only wealth.

It was a woful thing to see the wretched sufferer straying through the smoking ruins, to find the black spot where his happy home had sheltered

him a few hours before; hoping that there, perhaps, he might again meet with some loved one, separated from him in the confusion of that dreadful day. With horror he sees among the still smouldering ashes a blackened trunk, with scarcely enough of shape left to shew that once it bore God's image.

The air was hot and stifling; a thick cloud of smoke hung like a shroud over the ruins; from among them rose a heavy, charnel smell, impossible to describe. Many half-consumed human bodies still lay about, and the carcasses of great numbers of horses and cattle.

A deep depression fell upon the people of Quebec: superstitious fears took possession of them; they fancied they saw sights and prodigies, and that this calamity was a judgment for some great unknown crime. The Roman Catholic priesthood did not try to abate these terrors. Vague prophetic rumours, whose origin none could trace, went about, that the remainder of the city would soon be destroyed; and, at length, the same day of the following month was said to be the day of doom. The dismal aspect of the place, the universal despondency, and the extent of the loss and suffering, affected many even of the strongest-minded.

On the 28th of June a great part of the population remained during the day in trembling expectation of the fulfilment of these predictions. The day was warm and still, the night came on close and sombre. Nine o'clock passes without an alarm, ten also; people begin to take courage, but a slight breeze springs up, and the dust creeps along the silent streets. It is eleven.—There is no sound but that of the wind, which now whistles past the corners of the houses and among the chimneys, blowing from the north-east—the opposite direction to that whence it came on the 28th of May. Half-past eleven.—The greater part of the inhabitants are sleeping in peace; even the most timid think the danger is now past. It is close on midnight; some of them go to their windows to take a last look before retiring to rest.

On the north-west part of the Upper Town stands the church of St. Patrick; the spire is very high, covered with bright tin; on the top is a large ball, surmounted by a cross, both of glittering metal. The night is very dark, and these are invisible in the gloom.

A few minutes before midnight, a slight red flickering light is seen, high in the air; for a second or two it plays about in uncertain forms, then

shines out distinctly through the darkness, a fiery cross up against the black sky. The ball, the spire are soon seen: whence is that lurid light reflected? A small flame creeps up the side of a wooden house outside the walls, in the suburb of St. John, just where the last fire ended.—The city is on fire!

As the clock strikes twelve, from every tower and steeple in Quebec the bells ring out their panting peal of alarm. With the suddenness of an explosion, the bright, broad flame bursts out simultaneously through three or four roofs, and the wind, now risen to a storm, bears it away on its mission of destruction. In a few minutes the streets are crowded, thousands rush out of the city gates, to stare at the devastation which no human power can avert. Fire!—Fire!—Fire! shouted by crowds wild with terror—the quick, jerking church bells, the rattling of the engines over the streets—soon waken to this night of desolation the people of Quebec.

The gallant soldiers are again at work, vigorously, but in vain. The now furious gale sweeps over everything to leeward, with its fiery breath, bearing with it the black pall of smoke, followed by a stream of flame. The terrified inhabitants make

no attempt to stop the destruction: they seize their sick and feeble, and the few things of value they can carry, and hasten up to the glacis of the citadel, and the suburbs of St. Louis. But in the meantime the houses are so close and the streets so narrow, that the fire spreads up the hill, even across the wind; here at least it may be stopped.

The artillerymen are ready with their powder barrels; one is placed in a large wooden house at the corner of a street, that, by blowing it up, a gap may be made, to cut off the communication. The retreat is sounded, and the people cleared away as well as the confusion will admit; the flames rapidly approach the building; some straw on the floor has taken fire. The gunners steadily trample it out round the powder barrel. Then a strange delay arises—they can get no fire to light the fusee! For half a mile square, the blaze spreads before them, and they can get no fire! They cannot approach the flame and live; the wind whirls the smoke and sparks densely on its skirts, and the heat is insufferable. One gunner throws his great coat over his head and rushes through the smoke, thrusting the portfire which he bears in his hand at the fire to light it; but he fails, and staggers back half suffocated, his coat and hair singed and

scorched. In the mean time the house is in a blaze; the officer and his men stand still by their dangerous charge, waiting with steady discipline till their duty is done. At length an eddy of wind carries some burning shingles to their feet, the sergeant seizes one, the fusee is lighted, and now they run for their lives up the deserted street. Through the roar of the wind and flames comes the crash of the bursting walls, and the roof is blown to pieces in the air.

At this point the fire is conquered, but further down it spreads widely. More powder is brought, more houses blown up, some uselessly, for at the same time falling sparks have fired buildings far behind them. At length, by twelve successive explosions, a line of gaps is made at some distance from the fire: by this the communication with the suburb of St. Louis is cut off. In firing one of the charges, a man who had been repeatedly warned to stand clear, was killed from neglecting the caution. Every now and then through the night, the loud roar of these explosions rose above all the clamour. At eight o'clock in the morning the fire was got under, but not till it had exhausted itself to leeward by having consumed everything that it encountered.

The sunrise that day had a strange and dismal

effect; the light over the distant hills appeared pale and livid, scarcely seen indeed in the blaze from the ruins of Quebec.

Soon after day-break, a heavy rain began to fall, drenching the groups of unfortunates who were lying on the glacis and in the fields near the town, shelterless and exhausted. Many of these had been burned out the month before, and had since been living in the sheds and outhouses of the suburb of St. John, till the fire of last night deprived them of even that resource. A few had still on the gay dresses they had worn in some social circle when the alarm began, now wet and torn, — tender women who perhaps had never known what hardship was before; men accustomed to ease and comfort: the sun which set on their prosperity rose upon their ruin.

Then was the open hand of charity held out: every remaining house became an hospital; clothes, food, and shelter, seemed almost common property. Once again, those who had least suffered came forward with a generosity only limited by the power to give. Provisions and clothes were again distributed by the authorities; two hundred tents were pitched; one of the barracks and several other public buildings were thrown open. Some

of the insurance companies proved still able to meet their liabilities, others paid all they had and broke. The city of Montreal, with ready liberality, subscribed thirteen thousand pounds; other places in the British provinces also gave their aid. But the great hope of the sufferers was in that land where the tale of distress is never told in vain, and they were not disappointed—England did not forget her afflicted children in the New World; with splendid liberality she answered their appeal. By the desire of the Queen a collection was made in every parish church throughout the land. Private subscriptions were raised in various places; the imperial parliament voted a sum for the same object; large quantities of blankets and clothing were immediately sent out — altogether, in money upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and at least thirty thousand pounds' worth of goods.

There were naturally very strong suspicions that this second fire had been the work of an incendiary. As it occurred in the night on which it was foretold, and commenced in one of the very last houses that escaped the first time, to windward of the extensive and inflammable suburb of St. John, there was every appearance of design. Inquiry was diligently made, and all suspicious strangers were

examined, but at length it transpired that it had originated in the carelessness of a stupid maid-servant, who cast some ashes on a pit where a little straw and shavings of wood had been lately thrown; fire enough remained in the ashes to ignite these. As they were under the wall of a wooden house, the flames had taken such hold before the alarm was given, that it was impossible to get them under: the stupid cause of the calamity was fast asleep, and the last person in the house to know the danger.

A committee was immediately formed of the most influential people of the city, representing the different religious persuasions of the sufferers. Through the clergy, relief in money, food, and clothes was distributed; and, with a view to the proper disposal of the remainder of the great sums raised by subscription, by the Church of England, and elsewhere, the gentlemen of this committee with untiring zeal sought out and obtained the fullest information as to the extent and proportions of the losses. It was found that in these fires sixteen thousand people were burned out, nearly all of the poorer classes; five hundred and sixty thousand pounds worth of property was destroyed; and twenty-seven charred and mutilated corpses

were found among the ruins: it is supposed, however, that many more lives were lost, for of strangers, or where a whole family was burnt, there was no record; and in many places the strength of the flames would have destroyed all trace of the human form.

Quebec soon took courage again: before the end of the summer, a considerable number of houses were rebuilt, much better than those destroyed, and the streets were widened and improved; hundreds of temporary wooden sheds have also been erected, but by law they must be removed within eighteen months. There is no doubt that the great calamity, with its large amount of present suffering, will be an ultimate advantage to this beautiful city.

CHAPTER IX.

MONTREAL.

FAREWELL, Quebec! The midsummer sun pours down its flood of golden light upon these scenes of beauty. As it falls on earth and water, a soft spray of luminous mist rises over the wide landscape. Above, the clear, pure air dances and quivers in the glorious warmth; the graceful lines of distant hills seem to undulate with a gently tremulous motion. The broad river is charmed to rest, not even a dimple on its placid surface; no breath of air stirs through the dark forests, the silken leaves hang motionless.

The grateful fields, freed from their wintry chains, are clothed with rich crops, already blushing into ripeness. Man fills the calm air with sounds of prosperous activity; axes and hammers echo from the dockyards, ropes creak in the blocks as

bales of merchandize are lifted to the crowded wharves. The buzz of many voices rises from the busy markets; wheels rattle, and hurrying hoofs ring on the pavement; the town is a great hive of thriving industry; the hundreds of ships alongside, the bees which bear the honey of many a distant land to fill its stores.

This is the day—this is the year to see Quebec; a day of unsurpassed beauty—a year of matchless prosperity. May the day of beauty have no evening, the year of prosperity never a winter! This midsummer's noon is not warmer than the hearts of her people—not more genial than their kindness. Farewell, Quebec. The lone stranger, who came scarcely a year ago, leaves many a valued friend behind, carries with him many a grateful memory. And, when again by his English fireside, his thoughts will often wander back to happy hours passed among the snows of distant Canada.

I have arranged to go by the Montreal steamer at five o'clock in the afternoon. The day soon passes away in parting visits; they seem very hurried. There is not half time to hear or say all the kind things, or to dwell long enough on the hearty pressure of the hand, when you know that in the probability of the future, those voices will

never sound in your ear again, and that you are to feel the friendly grasp no more. It was very good of those people to come down to see me start, but I had been much better pleased had they staid away. The bell rings, they hasten off the deck on to the wharf; again a hurried "good bye;" the paddle wheels make a few strokes backwards to gain an opening, then turn ahead, bite deep into the water, and we glide rapidly on. As we pass the wharf, those friends wave their hands, I do so too; we are quite close, but somehow my eyes are a little dim, I can scarcely distinguish them as they run along the end of the quay, keeping pace with us up to the very edge. Our hands wave once again for the last time—I cannot see a bit now. When my sight cleared we were out in the middle of the broad stream, the people on the shore but tiny specks in the distance.

In describing one American river steam-boat you describe all. The greater part of the engines is above the level of the water; two large arms labour up and down over each side of the upper deck, while a funnel from near each paddle-box puffs out the smoke. They are not fitted with masts for inland navigation; the sleeping and eating saloon is in the body of the boat; the ladies' cabin, the

state-room, with the bar, ticket office, &c., are in a sort of upper story erected on the deck, their roof being the promenade. These vessels are beautifully built, and go through the water with great rapidity; fifteen and sixteen miles an hour is not uncommon; they are also comfortable and very well managed, and those between Quebec and Montreal are not surpassed by any in America.

We pass Wolfe's Cove, rich in undying memories; beyond it, green slopes, gentle woodlands and neat country-houses, each recalling to recollection some pleasant ride or drive, or social evening; on the left, the Chaudière river, dwindled into a tiny stream under the summer's sun, its rustic bridge, and rocky, pine-fringed banks; on the right, Cape Rouge, the end of the bold table-land on which stands the great citadel of the west. Beyond it, stretches out for many miles a rich, flat tract, varied by field and forest; and ever and anon the church and village, and in the far distance the bold range of hills which shelter these fair valleys from the ice-blast of the north.

For one hundred miles up the great river, the scene is the same, monotonous if you will, but monotonous in beauty; the shores all along thickly dotted with the white cottages of the simple *habi-*

tans. A short distance above Cape Rouge, we met a large raft of white pine, one of the strange sights of the St. Lawrence. It was about three acres of timber, bound together by clamps of wood into a solid stage; on this were erected five or six wooden houses, the dwellings of the raftsmen. The wind was in their favour, and they had raised in front a great number of broad, thin boards, with the flat sides turned to the breeze, so as to form an immense sail. These floating islands are guided by long oars; they drop down with the stream till they meet the tide, then anchor when it turns, till the ebb again comes to their aid. They have travelled from many hundred miles in the interior; by the banks of the far distant branches of the Ottawa those pines were felled; in the depth of winter the remote forests ring with the woodman's axe; the trees are lopped of their branches, squared, and dragged by horses over the deep snow to the rivers, where, upon the ice, the rafts are formed. When the thaw in the spring opens up the mountain streams, the stout lumberers collect the remains of their winter stock, with their well-worn implements, and on these rafts boldly trust themselves to the swollen waters. They often encounter much danger and hardship; not unfrequently the huge

mass goes aground, and the fast sinking stream leaves the fruit of their winter's labours stranded and useless on the shingly beach.

As the evening dropped upon us, the clouds thickened into a close arch of ominous darkness, while a narrow rim of light all round the horizon, threw all above and below into a deeper gloom. Soon, a twinkle of distant lightning, and a faint rolling sound, ushered in the storm; then the black mass above split into a thousand fragments, each with a fiery edge; the next moment the dazzled sight was lost in darkness, and the awful thunder crashed upon the ear, reverberating again and again. Then jagged lines of flame dived through the dense clouds, lighting them for a moment with terrible brilliance, and leaving them gloomier than before. We saw the forked lightning strike a large wooden building stored with hay and straw on the bank somewhat a-head of us: immediately afterwards a broad sheet of flame sprung up through the roof, and, before we had passed, only a heap of burning embers was left. In a short time the tortured clouds melted into floods of rain.

We pass St. Trois, St. Anne's, Three Rivers, Port St. Francis, and enter Lake St. Peter. These towns improve but little: their population is nearly

all of the French race; the houses are poor, the neighbouring farms but rudely tilled. The Canadian does not labour to advance himself, but to support life; where he is born there he loves to live, and hopes to lay his bones. His children divide the land, and each must have part bordering the road or river, so you see many farms half-a-mile in length but only a few yards wide. Here in autumn they reap their scanty crops; in winter dance and make merry round their stoves. With the same sort of dress that the first settlers wore, they crowd, each Sunday and saint's day, to the parish church, Few can read or write, or know anything of the world beyond *La belle Canada;* each generation is as simple and backward as the preceding.

But, with their gentle courteous manners, their few wants, their blind, trusting, superstitious faith, their lovely country, their sweet old songs, sung by their fathers centuries ago, on the banks of the sunny Loire,—I doubt if the earth contains a happier people than the innocent *habitans* of Canada.

Lake St. Peter is but an expansion of the river; the waters are shallow and the shores flat and monotonous; after twenty-five miles it contracts again and flows between several wooded islands.

We leave Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu river, to the left: this town is made, by English hands, more prosperous than its neighbours. On the same side, thirty miles higher up, is Varennes, a place of much beauty: a hundred years ago people crowded to its mineral springs; now, it is but a lonely spot. A fine old church, with two lofty spires, stands in the centre of the village; in the back-ground, far away to the south-east, is the holy mountain of Ronville; on its summit, the Pilgrim's Cross is seen for many a mile.

Above Montreal, the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence; both streams seem bewildered among the numerous and beautiful islands, and, hurrying past in strong rapids, only find full rest in the broad, deep river, fifteen miles below.

At eight o'clock in the morning we were beside the wharf at Montreal: it is of great extent—reaching nearly a mile up the river, and very solid, built of handsome cut stone. It is broad and convenient for purposes of commerce; vessels of five hundred tons can discharge their cargoes there. Immediately above the town, the rapids of Lachine forbid further navigation. The city extends along the river nearly two miles, the depth being about one half the length. The public buildings are calculated

for what the place is to be,—at present being perhaps too large and numerous in proportion, though fifty thousand inhabitants dwell around them. The neighbouring quarries furnish abundant materials for the architect, and the new shops and streets are very showy. The French Cathedral is the largest building in the New World: its proportions are faulty, but it is nevertheless a grand mass of masonry: ten thousand people can kneel at the same time in prayer within its walls. The town is well lighted, kept very clean, and is full of bustle, life, and activity,—handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses, of cut stone, are springing up in the suburbs, and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye. Some of the best parts of the town are still deformed by a few old and mean buildings, but, as the leases fall in and improvements continue, they will soon disappear.

Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and about one third of that breadth. All this district is very fertile; the revenues belong to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, one of the orders of the Church of Rome, and are very ample. The Mont Royal alone varies

the level surface of this island. The Parliament-House, the seat of government, the military head-quarters, and the public offices of Canada, are in this city; the trade is very considerable; within the last few years it has rapidly increased, and is increasing still. The export of corn to England opens a mine of wealth, while in return the wharves are crowded with our manufactures and the luxuries of other countries. The people are fully employed, and live in plenty; but there are occasionally disturbances among them, occasioned by the collisions of the English, Irish, and French races. The elections are carried on with much excitement and bitterness of feeling, but usually end in the success of the conservative principle. Society also is much divided; there is but little of that generally social feeling which characterizes Quebec. The entertainments have more display, but are far less agreeable than those of the sister city, and among the different coteries of the inhabitants there is not apparently much cordiality.

Montreal would be considered a very handsome town in England, and in bustle and activity far surpasses any one of its size there; the wharves, hotels, shops, baths, are also much finer; it pos-

sesses quite a metropolitan appearance, and no doubt it will, ere long, be the capital of a great country. Few towns in the world have progressed so rapidly in size, beauty, convenience, and population, within the last few years, and at this present time its commerce is in a most prosperous condition. You see in it all the energy and enterprize of an American city, with the solidity of an English one. The removal hither of the seat of government from Quebec and Kingston, has, of course, given it a considerable impulse of prosperity at their expense; but it is still more indebted to its excellent commercial position, and the energy of its inhabitants.

Now, from the bustle, prosperity, and contentions of Montreal, let us bear back our thoughts for a moment over the bridge of history to the time—but yesterday in the world's chronology—when the kings of the ancient people welcomed the Pale-faces to the shores of HOCHELAGA. That day was their Hastings. They were smitten with deadlier weapons than Norman bow or lance—the plague of the white man's crimes; their innocence was barer than the Saxon soldier's breast, their wounds far deeper, more hopeless of a cure. They were not subjugated nor driven

out, but they withered up before the strangers. Beneath the grounds where they hunted, their bones lie; their land is their wide cemetery; scarcely a mound, or stone, or a trace even of tradition, now points out the spot where any of their millions sleep.

Gentle, feeble, simple,—they were yet too proud to mingle with a race whose superiority they felt; they refused its civilization, but alas! copied its vices; in these, at least, they felt themselves its equal. As the snow in spring, they melted away —stained, tainted, trampled down.

My fancy is busy with the past. I have swept away those crowded wharves and lofty spires; on their sites the rich corn-fields wave again; the shady forest spreads over the distant slopes, the birch bark roofs of the wigwams peep through the tall trees upon the mountain side, the light canoe skims over the broad river; the wise Sachems of the tribes meet us on the shore with generous welcome; the graceful Indian maiden bends beneath her fragrant burthen of fruits and flowers, to be laid at our feet.

A cabman seizes me by each arm, "Tetu's or Rasco's, Sir, take you up, luggage and all, for a

shilling." In a moment my graceful Indian maiden was changed into an Irish porter, and the burthen of fruits and flowers to my well-worn portmanteau, which were presently laid at my feet in the bar-room at Rasco's Hotel.

CHAPTER X.

KINGSTON.—LAKE ONTARIO.

ON this occasion my visit to Montreal was a very short one, but I have several times been there, both in winter and summer. There is but little in the neighbouring country to tempt you to explore; the ride round the mountain, indeed, gives some views of much beauty; particularly where you see the Ottawa pouring through its many channels into the northern branch of the St. Lawrence. Generally the country is flat, and has but little character; there are several islands about; that of St. Helen's is the most picturesque in the group, but unsightly barracks and rough field-works deform its gentle slopes.

A clumsy stage-coach carried me to Lachine, nine miles from Montreal: there it was put on board a steamer, borne through Lake St. Louis,

and released again at the cascades, to carry us on sixteen miles further to Coteau du Lac. In a short time the great works, to bear large steam-boats past all the rapids, will be complete: the Lachine, Beauharnois, St. Lawrence, and Welland canals will be the connecting links of this immense chain of communication, from the gulph of St. Lawrence to the furthest of the great lakes—one broad highway. We pass over Lake St. Francis, and through the St. Lawrence canal; opposite to its entrance is the Indian village of St. Regis, close to which is the boundary line between Canada and the United States, where the forty-fifth parallel of latitude strikes the great river.

The most remarkable of the rapids, whose interruption the industry of man is busied to avoid, is called the Cedars. The stream is here pent into several narrow channels among wooded islands, and tumbles fiercely along over its rocky bed. Steamers and other boats constantly venture down this perilous passage, but not unfrequently pay dearly for their temerity. At present they can only return up to the great lakes by the Ottawa river and the Rideau canal, from which they emerge at Kingston, on Lake Ontario; but the works are going on rapidly, and by them this great round

will be saved. In the year 1759, when General Amherst entered Canada, his advanced guard, of about three hundred men, was embarked above the Cedars; the intention was to float down and take up a position on the opposite side of the river. Perhaps it was that those dangerous channels were then but little known, or that the pilot played them false—none remained to accuse; the next day the lifeless bodies of the British soldiers, clothed in the well-known red, floating past the town of Montreal, gave the first notice of invasion.

There were many Americans in the steamer; at this time of the year great numbers, particularly from the sultry south, crowd all the conveyances in Canada and the northern States, in search of the health which their own climate denies them. Amongst them was a taciturn, sallow, austere-looking, middle-aged man, whose place at dinner, luncheon, and breakfast, happened to be next to me; he stared at me a good deal, but spoke never a word. Except when at meals, he sat in a particular part of the vessel, smoking without intermission, protected from the sun by the enormously broad brim of a white beaver hat. At Ogdensburgh, the first place on the American side where the steam-boat touches, we all went ashore for a few

seconds, to stretch our limbs; my silent friend heard me say that I had never before been in the States; when he saw me fairly landed he for a moment removed the cigar from his mouth and observed, "I reckon, stranger, you have it to say now that you have been in a free country." We afterwards discovered that he was a planter from Alabama, and that, to the pleasures of his tour, he united the business of inquiring for runaway slaves.

From Ogdensburgh, there is a daily American line of steamers up through the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Lewiston, near Niagara. The inhabitants on both sides of the frontier are superior to any confined and illiberal feeling of nationality as to their preference for either this or the Canadian line; in comfort, speed, safety, both are on a level —and a very good level too; therefore, as either side abates a few pence in the fare, the human tide flows certainly to it. In most of the American steamers, here and elsewhere, the fare includes the expenses of the table for the passengers; a bell or gong summons them to the different meals. The table is usually covered with an infinity of very small dishes, containing a great variety of curious animal and vegetable matter, in such proportions that a plate may bear the contents of two or three

dishes being emptied into it at once, with impunity. The principal characteristic of the cookery is grease.

It is quite unnecessary for me to add anything to the very numerous and far from flattering descriptions which have been given of the modes of eating these viands, as practised by many of our travelling brethren of the United States: their habits are different from ours; to us they are disagreeable; but there is no use in dwelling on the subject. The people you meet in public conveyances in America are of every class; perhaps your neighbour on either hand, whose extraordinary performances have excited your astonishment or disgust, may be a man who but two or three years before was a swineherd in Tipperary, or yesterday a woodsman in Kentucky; and probably he has not found his new school of refinement sufficiently active in example and instruction to cure him immediately of his little eccentricities of manner. I must say that I have seen nearly as many disagreeable peculiarities at ordinaries on the continent of Europe, and indeed in Paris itself, as those of my American fellow-travellers. A Frenchman perhaps excels in the power of enjoying a dinner, and in appreciation of the merits of the *cuisine*—a

German in the quantity he can consume—an Englishman in his manner of eating it—and an American, certainly, is unrivalled in the railroad rapidity with which he goes through the work. There seems a general determination in America to alter and improve upon English customs; the right side of the road is always kept in driving, which can only be adopted for the sake of being different from the mother country, as it is so much more difficult for the coachman to judge of the distance he can afford in passing. Perhaps it is on the same principle that they reverse, as much as possible, the uses of the knife and fork.

Within a mile of the thriving town of Prescott is Windmill Point, on the Canadian side, the scene of the sharp combat which ended in the surrender of the unfortunate von Schultz: it is a bare, bleak place, not enlivened by its associations with piracy and scaffolds. On both banks of the river there are many towns and villages, most of them prosperous, all increasing. The general appearance of advancement and cultivation is superior on the American side; within the last three years, however, the steady progress of the northern bank begins to bear better the comparison with the rather hectic prosperity of the southern. Now, we are among the mazes of

the "thousand islands, and pass so close to some of them that we can pull the leaves from the graceful bending boughs of the trees, as the merciless wheels of the steamer dash to atoms their beautiful reflexions in the mirror of the calm blue water. The eye does not weary to see, but the hand aches, in ever writing the one word—beauty; wherever you steer over this great river—beauty, beauty still.

The impression is not pleasant on landing at Kingston: it is an uncomfortable-looking place, and the public buildings are out of proportion to the size of the town; some of the streets are drearily wide, and rank grass grows on their sides. The inhabitants are about twelve thousand; their numbers still increase, but since the removal of the seat of government from the place, it has a deserted look; it is however of some importance in trade, being the port of the Rideau canal, which, with the Ottawa, opens up so much of the back country, and is a means of communication with Montreal. In case of war, this line would be of great value, as, for a long distance, only one bank of the St. Lawrence is in our possession. The now useless government-house is about a mile from the town, on the shore of the lake: the town hall and market are

very handsome, and the custom-house. Penitentiary, jail, court-house, and bank, are all large but rather unsightly buildings. Mineral springs of great strength have lately been discovered, one a hundred and fifty feet from the surface; a large bath-house is built beside them. Kingston possesses thirty or forty steamers; during the summer they buzz about with wonderful activity. Fort Henry, on a hill to the eastern side of the entrance of the Rideau canal, is a strong place, but rather too far from the town for efficient defence; it throws, however, its protection effectually over a dockyard of some importance, which lies beneath it. A detachment of artillery and two regiments garrison the fort and town.

The society of Kingston received a fatal blow in the removal of the seat of government; it also wants the mixture of French Canadian grace and liveliness which gives such a charm to that of the Lower Province. From the constant intercourse with the United States, the tone of manners of all classes savours not a little of these neighbours, and a slight nasal twang, and a "guess" or two are by no means uncommon. Many retired officers of the army and navy have settled here and live in great comfort. The necessaries of life are very cheap,

and the shooting and fishing in the neighbourhood offer many inducements. For those who love yachting, the great Ontario opens out like an ocean from their doors, with islands sufficiently numerous to supply a variety of excursions every day for years.

I do not like these great lakes; the waters are blue, pure, and clear, but they look dead. There was a great calm when I was there, and there are no tides; the stillness was oppressive; the leaves of the trees in some parts of the beach dipped in the water below, motionless as the air above. The shores on this side are low and flat; the eye wearied as it followed the long, even lines in the far perspective, mingling with those of the surface of the lake; on the other side the broad expanse lay like polished lead, backed by the cloudless sky. During the last American war, in 1813, the whole of the English squadron of this lake was taken or destroyed by the Americans under Commodore Chauncey. The balance of successes on the inland waters at that time was decidedly in their favour; they had the great advantages of being near their resources, and having plenty of their best seamen disposable, from the Atlantic coast being sealed to

their commerce and adventure; while the attention of England was too much occupied with her enormous efforts and magnificent success in Europe to pay much attention to the comparatively unimportant struggle in the West.

At the same time I freely and willingly give to the Americans, my humble tribute of praise for the skill and gallantry of their officers and sailors; of these any country might be proud, as for many high-minded and chivalrous acts, worthy of a great and free people. In the noble and admirable quality of military virtue, they have in their short history proved themselves not inferior to any nation in the world. None should be more ready to acknowledge their merit than Englishmen, from whose race they have sprung, and who have so often found them to be by sea and land "worthy of their steel."

May it seem fit to the Great Ruler of all counsels, that our future rivalry may be only in works of peace, in the increase of the happiness of our people! Even now, while a degree of mutual irritation and distrust exists, I earnestly breathe a wish, express a hope, ay—announce a faith—that the bright day which philanthropists have dreamt of,

poets seen in the visions of fancy, and the inspired page of prophecy foretold, is not far distant; when the spread of enlightenment, civilization, and above all of Christianity, among the nations of the earth, will do away for ever with the stern and terrible necessity of the sword; when the dazzling light which fame now throws upon the names of those who direct victorious armies, may be looked upon but as a false meteor, their records known only as a memory of a by-gone and mistaken glory.

This Lake Ontario is five hundred miles round; the length measures three times the breadth, and its surface is two hundred and thirty-one feet above the level of the Atlantic. Throughout the whole extent the largest ships may sail; in many parts a line of a hundred fathoms has not reached the bottom; owing to this great depth it never freezes, except where the water is shallow along the shores. A great, and every year increasing trade, is carried on over its surface in steam and sailing vessels worthy of the ocean. The English possess now a marked superiority in the number of their shipping; their steam-boats are twice as numerous as those of their southern neighbours, their shore is also more populous, more solidly thriving, and

better cultivated; ten years ago the reverse was the case.

Numerous streams pour in their tribute, both from the north and the south: these and the waters of the lake abound in fish of excellent and varied flavour; the salmon and bass are the most highly prized, and are taken in great quantities. The fantastic mirage plays its freaks here, too: in the summer weather, when you are among the islands or near the shore, its illusions are as beautiful as they are strange. On the Canadian side, to the west of Kingstown, is a most singular arm of the lake, called the Bay of Quinté; for eighty miles it intrudes its zigzag course through the land, nearly returning again to the main waters. In many places it is but a mile broad, but everywhere deep and safe. On its shores the forests are rapidly giving way to thriving settlements, some of them in situations of very great beauty.

By far the greater number of emigrants from the British islands settle in these lake districts, but the twenty or thirty thousand a year who arrive are at once absorbed, and make but little apparent difference in the extent occupied; the insatiable wilderness still cries for more. The rate

of wages for the labour is very high—as is also the profit—of the farmer. The English markets are open to any quantity of his produce, the forges of Sheffield and the looms of Manchester supply payment, while twenty thousand of the best seamen in the world practise their calling and earn their living in bearing these interchanged goods over the Atlantic. Alas! for the five months of the year in which nature has fixed her irrevocable decree against this happy intercourse! Woe to those ships which venture to trust too long to the treacherous mildness of the autumn! In 1845, all the vessels but one that were detained to the 28th of November—thirteen in number—went aground in one stormy night of bitter frost, between Quebec and the gulph of St. Lawrence. They remained jammed in among the ice, most of them crushed into wrecks, while the crews of several perished in awful tortures, in a vain effort to escape. Some of the survivors lost their limbs, from being frost bitten, others are cast on the lonely islands, and for many a day their fate must remain unknown. Let those hope for them who can:—high masses of ice float rapidly round their frozen prison with each changing tide, sometimes dashing against each other

with a roar like thunder. These grim sentinels guard their wretched prisoners from all chance of human aid, till the warmth of summer, like a good angel, chases them away, and releases those iron men who may have survived the bitter trial.

CHAPTER XI.

TORONTO—NIAGARA.

ABOUT midday we entered the harbour of Toronto: a natural mole of sand, some miles in extent, embraces its waters, and guards them from the turbulence of the great lake; this singular peninsula has some verdure, a few trees, and several houses, but is of a desolate and dreary character. The main land is quite different; there, rich fields, neat villas, shrubberies, and plantations, carry your thoughts at once to merry England. As you approach the town, this impression becomes stronger; when landed, it is complete. The streets, the shops, the people, are English, their accent, and manners, and, best of all, their hearts are English too. This place is the nucleus of all that is loyal and true in Upper Canada; and, as the men of Londonderry look back with honest pride upon their fathers' gallant defence against a despot, so may those of

Toronto rejoice in their successful resistance to the still darker tyranny of an unbridled rabble.

The city is admirably situated, and very prosperous; it was not incorporated till 1834, yet it now contains more than twenty thousand inhabitants, their number having doubled itself in ten years. No town on the American continent has advanced more rapidly, and, perhaps, none so solidly. The houses are well built and lasting, the public buildings convenient, but not overgrown; commercial character and credit are high. Its prosperity is not the mushroom growth of staring, tottering, wooden cities, run up by designing swindlers of foreign gold, but the result of honest industry and healthy progress. The back country is very rich and valuable as an agricultural district, while the produce finds a ready sale for the English market. The enterprizing inhabitants are planning various railroads from the neighbouring towns, whose prosperity keeps pace, and is identified with, their own. They do not hold out mendacious promises or enormous and impossible interest to the capitalist —but the people of Canada do not repudiate.

In 1793, Governor Simcoe caused this harbour to be surveyed, and founded the town, then called Little York: two Indian families were at that time

in quiet possession, and myriads of wild fowl crowded the waters of the bay. In 1813, the Americans burned it; after the peace it was rebuilt, and the name with good taste changed to the old Indian word—Toronto—the place of meeting, or of council. In distant times, the tribes from the shores of the lake assembled there to make peace or war. A fort, of tolerable strength, but much out of repair, now protects the entrance of the harbour; there is but a small proportion of military force, but there are plenty of loyal citizens to man it,—men who have already done their duty, and are ready to do it again, should occasion arise to call forth their services.

The great improvements in Toronto have been within the last few years: the streets are well paved and lighted with gas, and extensive water-works supply every part of the town. Here is the college of Upper Canada, a well-situated building, possessing extensive grounds, and bearing a high character for its system of instruction and discipline: in very many respects it is similar to the English universities, particularly in being exclusively devoted to the benefit of those who are members of the Church of England. The rules of this institution, and the disbursements of its considerable state endowments, are a constant subject of political dis-

cussion. The office of the Canada Land Company is also in this town. This body is still looked upon with great jealousy and dislike by a considerable party in the province, perhaps not altogether without reason. Many lands, no doubt, remain unoccupied in consequence of this monopoly: even as far away as the banks of the Jaquenay people labour under, and complain bitterly of its pressure, and that fertile district is still only tilled by a few chance squatters, who, without any title, have taken up their residence upon it.

Toronto may boast of a tone of society above that of most provincial towns, either here or in Europe. Among the people of official rank, there are several who, by their acquirements, talent, and refinement, would be ornaments anywhere. In Canada, and in England, also, they are too well known to need any commendation; their example and influence are proved most useful, by the enlightenment and good manners of the residents. The standard of character, the domestic arrangements and habits of the people, are formed strictly on the model of the mother country; they look to her with reverence and affection; well may she be proud of their loyalty, and encourage their love.

There is an indescribable pleasure in finding, four

thousand miles away from our own dear land, a place like this, the healthy and vigorous child,—with every feature of its parent marked upon its face, every family trait developed in its character. We greet it as the hope of "England in the New World."

May the day of severance be far distant! But, perhaps, in the long future, when grown to sturdy and independent manhood, it may become expedient that there should be a separate household for the old and the young, and that with a hearty blessing and a friendly farewell they should part—let them then part—but in love. I am convinced that this fair Canada may grow great enough to be a balance of power on the American continent, undisturbed by rabble license, uncursed by the withering crime of slavery, undishonoured by repudiation, unstained by a parent's blood.

Just now I was on the point of entering into a minute description of King Street and Parliament House, government offices and jail, baths and hotels, when it luckily flashed across my mind that, as I was not writing a guide-book, I had better let them alone. Having spared you that, pray excuse me for mentioning that labourers get five shillings a day, and the good things of this life for about

half the prices of the English markets. Many of the roads in the neighbourhood are made of planks; the levels are very judiciously managed, and the draught on them is but little heavier than on a railroad; you are spared the noise and rattling of the somewhat clumsy vehicles. Numerous steam-boats enliven the wharves, flying in all directions during the seasons of navigation. Like most of those in Canada and America, they are very good; one of them, the "Chief Justice Robinson," is quite a model of neatness and comfort; the deck is carpeted, furnished with sofas and arm-chairs, the sides hung round with paintings and ornamented with well-occupied stands of gay flowers; while she is as safe and speedy as the smokiest and dirtiest of her sisterhood.

In this steamer I crossed the lake, and went seven miles up the Niagara river, to Queenstown, thence to the falls, eight miles, by a railway of very primitive construction: it despises levels, is settled down into deep ruts, and unconfined by fences on either side. We were perched on a quaint old coach, our locomotives three meek horses, and it certainly was not an express train. Our lateral movements on the rough track, rivalled those forward in quantity, and much exceeded them in rapidity.

During the late war, this district was the scene of several very bloody and gallant actions between the English and Americans; they seem to have been highly satisfactory to both parties, for each claims the victory. They have contended for the laurels during the last thirty years with the same pertinacity with which they disputed the battle-ground, and with the same doubtful result. One thing, however, is certain—that the Americans failed in making any serious permanent impression on any part of the country. Perhaps the mutual injury was about equal, their loss of Buffalo being balanced by that of Little York on the side of the English; each had to mourn over the graves of many worthy and brave soldiers. Sir Isaac Brock was the most remarkable of these; he commanded the British force at the battle of Queenstown, where he fell: the Canadian Parliament erected a pillar to his memory on the scene of his victory, which, as I have before mentioned, was blown up by one of the Sympathizers, at the time of their invasion of Canada.

Queenstown is but a poor place: being on the frontier, it has frequently suffered in the struggles between the two countries; the inhabitants are

now about five hundred in number. At the entrance of the Niagara river, or, as it should be called, the continuation of the St: Lawrence, is Fort Niagara, now a place of considerable strength and importance. I there saw, for the first time, the flag of the Stars and Stripes, and the soldiers in their grey uniforms. On the English side, Fort Massassaqua guards the river; behind it is the town of Niagara, with its docks and foundry, four churches, and two thousand people. At the western end of Lake Ontario, is Burlington Bay, containing the towns of Dundas and Hamilton; both of them are rapidly growing — the latter has five thousand inhabitants, and much commercial enterprise. The waters of the Niagara river are of a peculiarly beautiful colour, the blue is as clear and soft as that of a summer's sky. Up to Queenstown the banks are low, and the country around flat; thence to the falls the flood lies between high, abrupt cliffs. On the Canada side, rich tracts of park-like scenery extend for many miles inland; a great portion is cleared, but there still remain many of the magnificent old forest trees, which once sheltered the people of the departed race. The surface of the country rises in steppes of good table-land, from but little above

the level of the lake, to the undulating grounds which spread about the falls, nearly three hundred feet higher.

We stopped several times on the way from our landing at Queenstown; the noise of the falls was not perceptible till within two miles—while our clumsy rail-carriage was in motion, its rattle had a complete monopoly of our anxious ears. The night was very calm, but, as we were rather below on our approach, the noise seemed lost among the tall trees that surrounded the road. We arrived at the hotel, which was on the Canada side, but kept by an American, according to American customs. Fortunately, it was dark; I was very glad not to have had the first view dimmed by twilight. A great many people were staying in the house, principally Americans; they walked about under the verandahs, and danced, till twelve at night. The musician was a very gaily-dressed negro, who did good service on his violin, the instructions to the dancers being added in a vocal accompaniment: he entered so completely into the spirit of his office, that he sometimes pirouetted about, to assist precept by example. This valuable man also fulfilled the functions of barber and head waiter to the hotel.

By painting and by description, Niagara had been familiar to me for years, as no doubt it has been to every one else: so much has been said and written on the subject, that any attempt to throw new light upon it is hopeless. I, therefore, mean, with simple egotism, to give the impressions it made upon myself.

The sight was precisely what I expected—the sensations it caused, totally different. I did not start with an exclamation of awe, neither did I only look upon it as "an everlasting fine 'water-privilege.'" I thought it a magnificent cataract, far grander than anything I had before seen, and more beautiful. I sat down on the turf near Table Rock, whence there is the best view, with something approaching to disappointment on my mind, that, after all, it should be only a "magnificent cataract." But as I looked and listened, the eye and ear, as it were, matured into the power of fit perception; then, admiration and astonishmen, and, at last almost confusion, came upon me; sight and sound seemed to have joined their strength and merged into a vague impression—vague, but of mighty force. A passing stranger addressed some question to me, which aroused me; I found that, unconscious of the lapse of

time, I had been for hours staring at the great wonder.

I got up reluctantly, and proceeded to the nuisance of sight-seeing, but looked back every now and then as though fearing that I should lose the rest of the grand spectacle; for I could not but fancy that it was some strange and transient phenomenon, or a display got up by some enormous effort for the moment. When night came, it seemed reckless waste to keep it going still, while its glorious beauty was hidden from mortal view.

It was not till increasing distance freed me from its influence, and when thought returned, that I knew it had been going on yesterday, last year, for a century, for tens of centuries—back to that deep abyss of the past, on which sceptic science —presumptuous though feeble—has dared to shed a dim and sinister light, of only sufficient strength to shew, that the depths must remain for ever—inscrutable as profound.

Now, the neighbourhood of this great wonder is overrun with every species of abominable fungus—the growth of rank bad taste; with equal luxuriance on the English and American sides, Chinese pagoda, menagerie, camera obscura, museum, watch-tower, wooden monument, sea gardens,

'old curiosity shops.' A boy handed me a slip of paper, on which were printed some stanzas of astounding magnificence, signed "Almira," much in the favourite style of the poet laureate to "Moses and Son." I cannot refrain from giving a short quotation:

"Would ye fain steal a glance o'er life's dark sea,
And gaze though trembling on eternity?
Would ye *look out, look down,* where God hath set
His mighty signet? Come—come higher yet,
To the PAGODA's utmost height ascend,
And see earth, air, and sky in one alembic blend!"

"The Pagoda is now open to visitors and perfectly secure. * * * Admittance 25 cents. * * * 1st April, 1845."

One of the disagreeable necessities of the tourist is to go under the falls to Termination Rock. Arrayed in a well worn suit of oil-cloth, with hard, dirty shoes, and no stockings, I was weak enough to submit to it. The left hand grasped firmly by a negro guide, I shuffled sideways along a narrow, shingly path cut out of the side of the cliff, the main sheet of water falling far clear of me; the dense cloud of spray soon soaks into every pore, and obscures the sight, while the tremendous noise makes hearing equally impossible. Every now and

then, I trod upon an eel, and he would twist his limber, slimy body, over my bare instep, perhaps into the shoe, where there was ample room, and escape through some of its holes. I then descended some rough, steep steps, went a little further and stood triumphant, but very cold, upon Termination Rock; next I groped for a stone to carry back with me to the upper world, that it may descend to my admiring posterity—if I be ever so blessed—as a memorial of the wisdom and courage of their ancestor.

There is not the least danger in this particularly nasty and disagreeable performance; ladies frequently go through it; their dress for the purpose is of the same material, but rather more voluminous than ours. With all due deference to the fair adventurers, I do not think it an exploit at all suited to their sex; there is nothing whatever to reward the trouble and nuisance of the visit, and little to boast of in having accomplished it.

I then went up the bank of the river above the falls, to see the rapids; they are very fine, but not so striking as the Cedars. Next I was rowed in a boat as near as possible to the foot of the falls, got rather wet, then crossed to the American side,

climbed the vile Pagoda, went to Iris Island—in short, looked at Niagara from above, peered under, stared up, glanced sideways; and, at Termination, I had actually examined the back of it. This is, all worse than useless, as well might you do the same with Raphael's "Transfiguration;" as there is but one perfect view for a painting, there is but one for Niagara. See it from Table Rock, gaze thence upon it for hours—days if you like—and then go home. As for the Rapids, Cave of the Winds, Burning Springs, &c., &c., you might as well enter into an examination of the gilt figures on the picture frame, as waste your time on them.

About three miles below, is the Whirlpool, a large, deep sweep, hollowed out of the cliff in a bend of the river. Sometimes there is a horrible interest connected with this place; the bodies of people who have been lost over the falls have floated round and round this dismal hole for days together; carried on the surface by the whirling eddies back to the main stream; or sucked down, to emerge again in a few minutes and continue their ghastly journey. The rocks around are abrupt, the water unapproachable by boats; so they must remain till decomposed, or by some chance swell

of the waters they vary their course a little, and get far enough into the main stream to be borne away by its force.

About once in ten years, generally in January or the beginning of February, the ice takes all across at the foot of the falls, making a complete bridge from one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from masses of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation of frozen spray; when this breaks up in the spring, the concussion of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up, large pieces float over the falls, they are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow; a severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water are very slight at any season; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if an additional influence came into play every now and then. About the centre

of the Horseshoe, or Canadian Fall, there is a clear unbroken spout of water twenty feet in depth before its leap; for seventy feet below, it continues deep, pure blue, thence to its gulf it is shrouded in a soft spray which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the prismatic colours the sun can bestow: when the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till no longer perceptible. The falls on the American side of Iris island are a hundred and sixty-four feet high: the Canadian or Horseshoe, a hundred and fifty-eight, but the latter are about twice the breadth, and discharge four times the body of water.

A learned English professor, who has lately published a most valuable work on the Geology of America, states it to be his conviction, that the falls recede about one foot in the year; that probably they remained stationary for many ages at the whirlpool, when a fresh start of some fifteen thousand years at the present rate of travelling, brought them to where they now are. Within forty years, since they have been more closely observed, there has been a considerable change in their shape; indeed slight variations constantly occur. It is also the opinion of the author I have quoted that they have diminished

considerably in height, probably a hundred feet, but that there is no reason to suppose them to have been formerly in one unbroken fall, as they now are.

The first mention made of these falls was by Father Hennepin, a French missionary, in 1675. I will give a part of his quaint and exaggerated description: "Betwixt the Lake Ontario and the Lake Erie, there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and extraordinary manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. This wonderful down-fall is about six hundred feet high, and composed of two great cross streams and two falls of water, with an island sloping across the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder; for when the wind blows out of the south this dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off; the Niagara river at the foot of the falls is more than a quarter of a league broad."

There is already a sad list of fearful accidents at this place, though such a short time frequented by civilized man; the last few years have been fertile in them; perhaps the most horrible of all was one

which happened in May, 1843. A Canadian of the village of Chippewa was engaged in dragging sand from the river three miles above the falls; seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth; it sank, but a box on which he sat, floated, and was soon driven by a high wind off from the land into the strong but smooth current; he, being unable to swim, clung to the box. A boat was on the shore, but by the mismanagement of the bystanders it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless. There was no other for two miles lower down; beyond that, aid was impossible. The people on the beach, instead of hastening to get a boat ready in time below, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail; he knew that he was doomed—"I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened. This dreadful protraction lasted nearly an hour, the stream being very slow: at first, he scarcely appears to move, but the strength increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support. He passes close by an island, so close that the box touches and stops for one moment, but the next,

it twists slowly round and is sucked into the current again. The last hope was that a boat might be ready on the shore at Chippewa; it was vain, there were none there but frail canoes all high up on the beach; by the time one of them was launched the boldest boatman dared not embark.

For, but just above the falls, they saw the devoted victim, whirled round and round in the foaming waves, with frantic gestures appealing for aid; his frightful screams pierced still through the dull roar of the torrent—"I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue, unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, the centre of the Canadian fall. Yet another moment, he has loosed his hold; his hands are clasped as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quick as an arrow's flight, he glides over and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

On Iris island is found one of the very few burying grounds which are known to have belonged to the departed race; a considerable number of skeletons have been dug up there, all placed in a standing or sitting posture. When this place, of such difficult and perilous access, was chosen by the simple Indians, it must have been from a strong wish that the precious ashes should remain undis-

turbed. None can now ever know how long they have slept the sleep which even the roar of Niagara cannot awaken.

There was one splendid moonlight night during my stay. At eleven o'clock I went off to Table Rock, took up the favourite position, looked and wondered. There were no boring guides or chattering visitors to mar the effect: the light was not sufficiently strong to reveal the fungi of the place; I was opposite to the Great Fall, saw it and nothing else; unless occasionally, when my eyes followed the soft faint spray, "the everlasting incense of the waters," which rose up against the deep blue sky, undisturbed by the slightest breath of wind. Through its delicate gauze the bright stars twinkled with undimmed lustre, while the full moon shining down, tinted it with the tender shades of the lunar rainbow.

But, unsoftened by this fair colouring, unsoothed by the gentle silence of the autumn night, the great torrent roared, plunged, and dashed over its leap, in stillest calm as in wildest tempest, the same ever. The fresh springs of life and feeling must be thoroughly dried up in the heart of the man who does not know a new sensation when he looks upon Niagara.

I found, by looking at my watch, that in apparently a very short time it had got very late; the spray and the damp grass had wetted me; the night air chilled me, "foolish old man that I am:" so, coughing, and drawing my woollen comforter tighter round my throat, I turned towards the hotel, stopping many a time to look back. But little space for sleep was left me before the morning sun warmed into life the noise and bustle of the house.—My journey recommenced that day.

CHAPTER XII.

GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA—RESOURCES—TRADE.

CANADA extends from Gaspé, in the gulph of St. Lawrence, in the east, to Sandwich, at the end of Lake Erie, in the west, a distance, as the crow flies, of about eleven hundred miles. Throughout this whole length, the shores are washed, to the west by Lake Huron, to the south-east by Lakes Erie and Ontario, and by the St. Lawrence, as the boundary, to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude; thence the great river flows through the centre of the province to the sea. From the Indian village of St. Regis, where this parallel meets the St. Lawrence, it is the boundary for three degrees eastward, to Hereford; thence, the division between Canada and the United States is an irregular line in a north easterly direction, partly regulated by the summits of a range of heights, and partly merely

arbitrary, to about forty-seven and a half degrees north latitude, and within thirty miles of the St. Lawrence; from this point it turns in a very curved form till it meets the boundary line of New Brunswick, from which province Canada is separated, at the eastern extremity, by the Bay of Chaleurs and the river Ristigouchi.

To the north, no boundaries have been traced between Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory, nor are any ever likely to be.

Many magnificent rivers flow into the St. Lawrence in its course; the principal are the Saguenay and the Ottawa from the north, and the Richelieu from the south. As yet, but a small portion of this great country is even partially peopled; the inhabitants are merely crowded along the banks of the great river, its tributaries, and the lakes. East of Montreal lies the widest part of the occupied lands, but nowhere do they reach the breadth of more than a hundred miles. Extensive though may be this splendid province of Canada, it is yet very different indeed from what it originally was. In the fourteenth year of the reign of George the Third, the boundaries of the province of Quebec—as it was then called, were defined by an act of the Imperial Parliament. By that act it included a great

extent of what is now New England, and the whole of the country between the State of Pennsylvania, the River Ohio and the Mississippi, north to the Hudson's Bay territory, where now a great portion of the rich and flourishing Western States add their strength to the neighbouring republic. By gradual encroachments on one hand and concessions on the other, by the misconstruction of treaties and divisions of boundaries, have these vast and valuable tracts of country been separated from the British empire.

Throughout all the extent of Canada, from east to west, nature and art have bestowed extraordinary facilities of navigation. The shores of the waters and a large portion of the interior are fertile, in some places to an uncommon degree. All the land was originally covered with a magnificent forest, but, acre by acre, a considerable extent of this has been cleared away, and replaced by towns, villages, and corn-fields. There are no very high mountains, but it can boast of the largest lakes in the world, and of Niagara. The country seems deficient in coal and not very plentifully supplied with minerals; but in its agricultural capabilities it is not inferior to any part of the old or new Continent.

From the north-eastern point, chilled by the

winds of the Atlantic, to the south-western, five degrees lower and approaching the centre of the Continent, there is considerable variety of climate. However, in all parts the winters are very severe, and the heat of summer but little inferior to that of the tropics. Nearly everything that grows in England flourishes here also, and the country possesses various productions which nature has denied to us. The climate has in a slight degree changed since the tolerably extended cultivation, but to this day Quebec must rank among the coldest and hottest places in the civilized world. In spring and autumn the variations of the temperature are great and sudden; at noon you will fain hide from the heat of the sun, and at midnight the earth is bound up in frost.

To people naturally healthy the climate will be found healthy too, but to the rheumatic, consumptive, and feeble, it is a severe trial. It is remarked that a great number of children die in infancy in this country, particularly among the French-Canadian population; the weak in years seem injuriously affected as well as the weak in constitution.

With the exception of a very few bitterly cold days in winter, that season is far from being disagreeable; the pure, dry, frosty air has at times a

most exhilarating effect, and the blue, unclouded sky above relieves the eye from the almost painful monotony of the snowy earth. The long duration of this sleep of nature is, however, very wearisome; after the third or fourth month the longing for green fields and leafy woods, becomes intense and harassing, and the frozen pleasures of the winter have lost all their novelty and zest. While the snow is melting away in spring, the weather is usually beautiful and very warm; but the roads and fields are in an indescribably disagreeable state, and travelling is almost impossible. But, when the young summer fairly sets in, nothing can be more charming than the climate—bright and warm during the day, with the air still pure and clear as ever; and the transition from bare brown fields and woods to verdure and rich green foliage is so rapid, that you can almost fancy you see its progress; while, at night, light frosts refresh the atmosphere, and brace the nerves relaxed by the delirious warmth of the day.

To this succeed July and August, almost terrible in their intense heat; the roads and rocks at midday so hot as to be painful to the touch, and the strength of the direct rays of the sun even greater than in the tropics; but the night always brings a

re-invigorating coolness, and the breezes of the morning are as fresh and tempered as in our own favoured land. The autumn—or the "Fall," as they love to call it here—rivals the spring in its healthy and moderate warmth, and far excels it in the beauty of the colouring which it bestows.

The population returns of Canada are not by any means accurate, the number of emigrants each year, with the uncertainty of their remaining in the province, adds to the difficulty of arriving at a correct estimate. I believe, from the information I have been able to obtain from the best sources, that about fourteen hundred thousand is the number of British subjects in this country; seven hundred and fifty thousand in the Lower and six hundred and fifty thousand in the Upper Province. Of these, five hundred and fifty thousand are of French descent, the remainder of the Anglo-Celtic race, with about six thousand Indians. The population has hitherto doubled itself in about every twenty-five years.

The annual average number of emigrants for the last fifteen years, has been twenty-five thousand, but it is supposed that a large portion of these have unadvisedly passed on to the United States; some have since returned to Canada, others soon went to

rest in the pestilential western marshes, while others have been successful. But in Canada, with common regularity and industry, all are successful: the healthy climate spares them their vigour for labour; land is cheaper and hardly less fertile: there are no taxes; the value of agricultural produce is greater in their markets than on the banks of the Mississippi; and there is no Lynch Law.

The late Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report, delighted to extol the prosperity of our Republican neighbours in contrast to the state of our fellow subjects. A Select Committee of the Upper Canada House of Assembly drew up a counter-report to this, in which they indignantly, and with reason, deny the sweeping statements of the High Commissioner. I extract the following from the Committee's Report.

"Having first described the surpassing prosperity of the United States, for the purpose of contrasting it with the poverty and inferiority of these colonies, His Lordship proceeds to state:—'On the side of both the Canadas, and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely-scattered population, poor, and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forest, without towns and markets,

almost without roads, living in mean houses, deriving little more than a rude subsistence from ill-cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thriving neighbours on the American side.' Let the farmers of all political parties, residing in the districts fronting on the St. Lawrence, the owners of the extensive, beautiful, and well-cultivated lands on the Bay of Quintè, in the district of Newcastle, the Horne, Gore, Niagara, London, and western districts, read this degrading account, and ask themselves whether they would feel perfectly safe in submitting their future political fate, and that of their children, to the dogmas of a man who has so grossly misstated their character and condition."

To the emigrant from the British Islands, there is, perhaps, no place in the world offering a better settlement than the eastern townships of Lower Canada. There, in his log hut, with his wife and children round him to cheer his labour, he may speedily cut out his independence from the magnificent forests, and possess the fertile land: in less than twelve months of patient toil enough is cleared for the production of sufficient potatoes and corn

to place him beyond the reach of want, and set him in the road to competence. The first year is the difficulty,—often a disheartening and almost intolerable struggle.

In Upper Canada, also, the prospects of the settler are not less encouraging. The Canada Company published a statement a few years ago of the condition of the people at the settlement of Goderich; the first commencement was in 1829; in 1840 six thousand people had established themselves there, and made improvements in the lands and acquired live stock, to the amount of £242,287; nearly half of this was in the possession of families who had originally nothing, or, at most, some few of them had ten pounds to start with; the remainder was accumulated by people who had been slightly better off in the world. Most of the first settlers have already paid out also the full extent of their purchase money, and are now freeholders of the land.

With a sufficient capital and extent of land under cultivation to make it worth while to devote his time to it, a man who understood it would at once be able to live in comfort, and make money on a farm. The French-Canadian gentleman, however, thinks it beneath his dignity, and trusts

every thing to a subaltern: and the Englishman generally expends so much of his capital in the purchase of the land and stock, that, for years afterwards, he is crippled in the means of working his resources.

Horses and other cattle, though hardy and valuable in their way, are far inferior to the English breed, and not improved by a recent admixture with American blood. In Lower Canada live stock are very expensive in their maintenance during the long winters, and are usually miserably poor and thin; in short, but just kept from starving, till food becomes plentiful, in the spring.

The importance of the trade of the St. Lawrence to England is not to be estimated solely by the value of the goods exchanged, though, even in that point of view, it is very considerable; the nature of the productions of Canada sent to the British islands, requires an immense bulk of shipping, and employs a great number of the very best sailors. The inhabitants of this province consume a greater proportion of English goods than any people in the world, excepting those of Australia. The Canadian purchases nearly four times as much of the produce of British industry as the citizen of the United States; in return he has hitherto

obtained highly remunerating prices in our markets for everything he can send us, and in any quantity.

The tariff of the United States of course acts against the colonies, as well as against England; but it is obvious that with the very inefficient preventive force they possess, it must be a dead letter along twelve hundred miles of a frontier, a large part of which is forest or navigable water. A great deal of contraband trade with the northern parts of America is carried on through Canada, but not to such an extent as might be expected from its being greatly profitable, and with very slight risk of loss. It would seem that here the smuggler created for the "irrepressible energies of commerce" an outlet almost made necessary by the absurd and mischievous tariff. Demoralizing as such a trade must be, it seems almost inevitable. People and capital alone are wanted in this country; the springs of wealth are endless.

I have mentioned elsewhere that a great panic was caused in the Canada timber trade by the diminution of protection for colonial produce; for the first year from this alarm, there was a great falling off in the quantity exported; the next, however, rallied considerably, and the export is now one third more than when this step towards free trade was

taken. On the other hand, it is a very singular and almost unaccountable fact, that the quantity of corn and flour sent to England since Canada has obtained nearly a monopoly in that market, is considerably less than it was in times when there was no peculiar enactment in its favour.

At this moment, opinion in Canada is very much divided on the subject of the probable loss of their exclusive advantages in the English corn-market. The agricultural portion of the community are generally very much alarmed, fearing a great fall in prices at home, and a consequent depreciation in the value of their produce; they talk of ruin—waste, untilled lands, and all sorts of dreary things. Again, some of the timber-merchants, in breathless terror cry out that the relaxation of duties on foreign timber must at once drive them to bankruptcy, altogether forgetting their increased prosperity since the late change. The more enlightened and practical of the mercantile men hail this announcement of free trade with pleasure, and triumphantly quote the facts which the last few years have given, as conclusive in its favour.

The present is, beyond all doubt, the time of Canada's greatest prosperity: from the highest to the lowest — merchant, farmer, tradesman,

labourer—their hands are full of business, their profits and wages ample; there is scarcely a shadow for the discontented to lay hold of. The country has only now begun to arrive at that degree of maturity, when trade takes its great start. We should recollect that English Canada is more than a century younger than the trading districts of the United States; it is unfair to compare their progress in commerce hitherto for till very recently the conditions of this country were such as to render the former merely anxious for, and busied in the support of life, the primitive pursuits of husbandry being the only occupation of the people. As numbers increased and towns enlarged, wealth and intelligence were brought to bear, and the last five, ten, fifteen years, show a change in these provinces almost incredible.

Within the longest of those periods, the population of Quebec and Montreal, the two principal trading towns, has nearly doubled; numbers of people have risen from very humble circumstances to affluence; handsome shops, with plate-glass windows, adorned with costly goods, replace the small and obscure stores; the roads, bridges, and canals, ships, and steamers, have improved and multiplied in a most extraordinary manner. This

is but the commencement; the impulse is only now fairly at work; a few years hence, the progress will be far greater; the feeble time of infancy is past, the first difficulties over, and this vigorous people start, confident in their resources and energy, every sail filled with the favouring breezes of prosperity.

There is at present an immense prize to be contended for between Canada and the United States —the carrying trade for the produce of the west. On one side, the St. Lawrence and its splendid artificial communication, on the other, the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, offer their channels for its use. To the first, nature has given a decided advantage; the screw-propelled steam-boats, laden on the far shores of Lake Superior, can pass, with but slight delay from locks, to Montreal or Quebec, or indeed to Europe; while, through the narrow passage of the Erie Canal, the frequent locks and the trans-shipment of the cargo must ever be a great embarrassment. By a bold and judicious reduction of the tolls on the Canadian waters, they will become the chief—as they always were the natural—outlet for this trade; and its passage will speedily enrich their shores. Some short-sighted people urge that these tolls cannot be reduced,

since they hardly pay as it is; but it is obvious that, as long as this route is made the more costly of the two, the commerce will flow through the other channel. The system, therefore, should be to reduce the Canadian Canal expenses to an extent that would secure its being the cheaper line; then the vast quantity of traffic would remunerate at almost any price. The advantages of the St. Lawrence over the Erie Canal are amply sufficient to counterbalance the superior position of New York to Quebec or Montreal, as a sea-port; although an exaggerated and fallacious idea of the perils of the river navigation of the latter adds much to the expense of insurance.

Each year enhances, to a certain extent, the difficulty of the supply of timber; by the banks of the streams and rivers within a moderate distance in all directions, the finer trees have already been cleared off, and the lumberers are now obliged to drag the fruits of their labour for a long way through the bush, or else to ascend hundreds of miles to the yet unspoiled forests of the interior. But though the difficulties increase, the demand and the number of people employed increases too, and there is no danger of any failure in the supply for ages.

Three times the former quantity of timber from the Baltic reaches England since the reduction of the duties: this, which the Canadians at first imagined would be their ruin, has on the contrary much increased the demand for their produce. In house and ship-building, Baltic and American timber are both required for different parts of the structure, and, since the former has been so considerably cheapened, these operations have increased so as to call for a far greater quantity of the latter than was formerly used; while the advantages to the builder and tenant in England are evident from the great diminution of the cost.

Canada is totally free from direct taxation, except of course for municipal purposes. The revenue for the year 1845 was £430,000 sterling; four-fifths of this is derived from customs, the remainder from excise licenses, proceeds of public works, and territorial and casual sources. A duty of five per cent. is levied on English goods entering the province, and from ten to fifteen per cent. on foreign; on these latter also, generally, an imperial duty is imposed. About £115,000 sterling of this income is devoted to the payment of the interest of the debt guaranteed by the British Government, contracted for the purpose of making the great

works by which the internal communications have been improved.

Canada defrays all the expenses of her own civil government and judicial establishment. The naval and military forces, and the cost of works for the defence of the country, are paid from the imperial coffers; from these sources and the private expenditure of the individuals employed, a sum of more than half a million sterling is annually poured into the colony. The flowing in of a continual stream of money to this amount, is of course a very important element of prosperity. Not only are the inhabitants protected without any cost, but this large sum helps to keep the balance of trade in their favour, and is circulated to enrich them.

From the great number of opportunities of profitable investment, and from capital not being as yet much accumulated, it commands a far higher rate of interest on the best security than can be obtained in England. The legal rate is six per cent., and this can be obtained with undoubted safety.

Manufactures on a small scale have been tried and are still in progress in several parts of Canada: they are fairly remunerative; but surely, in a young and thinly-populated country, with such immense

unemployed agricultural resources, such application of labour is an economical mistake. Last year England would have purchased any quantity of corn from this country at a high price, but a comparatively small supply was produced; I have no doubt that it would advantage the colony infinitely were every tailor and shoemaker at the plough, and the necessary articles of their labour supplied from England. Last year, in Lower Canada, there were returned more than three thousand manufactories; two-thirds of these were mills for grain and other purposes, the remainder potasheries, tanneries, breweries, iron-works, paper-works, and others. Canada has every natural capability for becoming what, without doubt, she will soon be, a great agricultural and commercial country; but any attempt to encourage manufactures there, till in a far maturer stage of advance, appears vain and preposterous.

The post-office of Canada has not had any share in the great improvements recently introduced into that department in England; the old, exorbitant rates of charge are still retained, to the immense inconvenience of mercantile and social affairs, and, I really believe, to the great injury also of the revenue, for the system of sending letters by private

hand is carried on almost openly and very extensively. A letter from a distant part of Upper Canada to Quebec costs twice as much as it does to London, the rates from England being uniform to all parts of this country; newspapers also, passing through the post-office in the colony, are each charged a halfpenny. The transmission and delivery of mails is far from being happily arranged, and is often attended with uncertainty and delay. A vigorous effort is, I understand, now making in the Provincial Parliament to remedy these very vexatious and harassing inconveniences.

It must be acknowledged that hitherto there has not been quite so much energy and speculative adventure in Canada as in the United States. New and untried channels of trade are examined for a long time before anything is embarked in them; efforts are rarely made to open fresh markets, or to try the chance of exporting unusual cargoes. Something of the *habitans'* indolent spirit seems to have been infused into the trade of the country: their maxim is to do the same as their ancestors did. In Upper Canada, beef and pork are very much cheaper than at New York, but the Liverpool market receives abundance from the latter and next to none from the former. The shores of Lake Superior are in-

exhaustibly rich in copper ore, but, till quite lately, not the weight of a penny of it found its way to Canada.

"I confidently hope, however, that brighter days are to come; the progress of the last few years has done wonders, and aroused the spirit of adventure; Montreal is beginning to display much speculative activity, and I do not despair of Quebec being even lighted with gas, and supplied with water, otherwise than by cart and barrel, before any very great length of time has elapsed.

The fact is that the French population are a dead weight on the activity of this lower portion of the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence, and whatever has been done in commercial adventure, is due to the comparatively very small number of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. In matters of general improvement, docks, bridges, &c., they have often to encounter even the opposition of their inert fellow-subjects.

The closing of the ports of the River St. Lawrence by ice for four or five months in the year is, of course, a great drawback from their mercantile advantages, but not so very great as may appear at first sight. During this time the channels of internal transport of goods are also

frozen up, but the produce of the lumberers' winter labours is released in the spring; the rich crops of Upper Canada can be readily shipped in the autumn; while the vessels which leave England early in the year carry out what is required for summer use, and those charged with the fruits of the harvest come back laden with goods for the ensuing winter.

To shew the rapid increase of the trade of this colony, I shall give the number of vessels which arrived at and cleared from the different sea-ports of the St. Lawrence during certain years.

Year.	Entered.	Cleared out.	
1825	796	883	vessels, averaging 350 tons.
1830	964	1050	,,
1835	1297	1307	,,
1840	1439	1522	,,
1845	1762	1747	,,

In the last year upwards of twenty-three thousand seamen were employed, and thus kept in training in one of the best naval schools in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

RELIGION—EDUCATION—THE PRESS.

AMONG the subjects of general observation which suggest themselves in considering the state of any Christian country, the first is that of its religion. The influences which it exercises, even in a temporal point of view, are so important, that, though one were to acknowledge no higher interest than the political state and material prosperity, it forces itself upon the attention.

Thirty years after the cession by France, Canada was formed into a Diocese of the Church of England; in 1839 this was divided into two Sees—the eastern, or the Diocese of Quebec, containing the whole of Lower Canada, is given to the care of the Bishop of Montreal; the western, being all Upper Canada, to that of the Bishop of Toronto. These districts are of enormous size, each extending about

six hundred miles in length, and the incomes attached to them are far from sufficient for the expenses which such a charge and rank entail.

In Canada East, or the diocese of Quebec, there are seventy-five clergymen of the Church of England; in that of Toronto, or Canada West, ninety-one. The incomes of many of these gentlemen are miserably small; some have not more than sixty pounds a year, and a large number are allowed no glebe-house or other residence. But, though their means are so slender, their duties are most severe and harassing; to convey an idea of their nature, I will give a short extract from the Bishop of Montreal's Visitation journal for the year 1843, printed for the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." Duties of the clergymen of the "Mission" of Masconche—New Glasgow. Sunday morning service throughout the year at Masconche, except on the sacrament days at New Glasgow. Paisley and Kilkenny, four times a year each, (as also at Masconche;) Sunday afternoon service at Terrebonne, six miles from Masconche, and New Glasgow, twelve miles; when at the latter, their way is continued to Kilkenny, twelve miles further, on Sunday night, in order to hold service there (fortnightly) on Monday; two miles

from the house to the Church, and eleven after service to sleep at Paisley, in preparation for service there on Tuesday, and so back to Masconche. Occasional visits from hence to the Nord, forty miles off." A great portion of the road in summer is of the worst description. Parochial visiting cannot be systematic in such a vast extent of scattered charge.

In the thirty-first year of the reign of George the Third, one seventh of all the waste lands was set apart for, as it was worded, the "Protestant Church;" and every sect not Roman Catholic has claimed a share and receives it. A late Act of Parliament provides for the sale of these "Clergy Reserves" and the distribution of the funds; the Church of England is endeavouring to obtain the grant of their portion of the lands, for the sale at the present time would involve so great a sacrifice as to reduce their already very insufficient portion to a mere nothing. A committee of the Provincial Parliament has reported favourably on this, but as yet the question remains undecided.

Hitherto the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" has been the chief support of the Church of England in Canada, as well as in the other colonies. The annual income of this society

has risen since 1837, from twelve thousand, to forty-seven thousand pounds; but this increase, large though it be, is quite insufficient to keep pace with the constant new demands for aid. One hundred and fifty missionaries have been added during the last seven years, and on account of these great expenses, the funds of the Society are far from being in a flourishing state.

In the year 1843, more than fifteen thousand pounds was given by this most valuable body to Canada alone. A Church Society was also established in Upper Canada, in 1842; the next year its income was eighteen hundred pounds, and now it is little short of three thousand. Last year, notwithstanding the fires, Quebec gave three hundred and seventy pounds to its funds.

As I stated elsewhere, the census has always been taken under great disadvantages, owing to the scattered dwellings of the population, and to a stupid idea among the lower classes of French Canadians, that it was made with a view of taxation. It is also impossible to arrive correctly at the number of the members of each different sect, as the people employed are supposed in their estimates to have magnified their own at the expense of others. I have before me the attainable statistics

such as they are, but they are so confused and contradictory, that one can only hope for an approximation to the reality. I believe that the proportion which the members of the Church of England bear to the population of Canada is under one sixth of the whole; or about two hundred and twenty thousand souls.

For the ministry of these people, spread over twelve hundred miles of country, there are only one hundred and sixty-six clergymen. It is impossible not to view with anxiety and care such a state of things in this province; it must be acknowledged with pain, that the Colonial office has paid but very little attention to this most vital interest of its government. In Lower Canada especially, the provision made by the old French Laws for the Romish Church, stands out in broad and reproachful contrast to our neglect. In a few instances, indeed, salaries from the government are enjoyed by ecclesiastics, but they are limited to the lives of the present incumbents; at their deaths this Church of England—Church of the Empire, will be without any peculiar support from the State, and only come in for a paltry share, with the sects of various denominations. To the minister at present entrusted with Colonial affairs, we may look with

hope and confidence that, as far as he may have the power, it will be exerted to remedy the deficiencies of the past.

In the various political troubles which have arisen at different times in England and in her colonies, there was one quality in which the members of the Church were always conspicuous—that of loyalty. Wherever they are found, they are, as it were, a garrison against sedition and rebellion; every holy spire that rises among the dark pine woods of Canada, stands over a strong-hold for the British crown; and every minister who labours in his remote and ill-rewarded calling, is a faithful and zealous subject. The feelings and interests of loyalty are vitally interwoven with the system of the Church.

But the state of the Church of England in Canada is not without its bright side of happy promise; there are people still alive and now not very old, who were confirmed at Quebec by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the first, and at that time the only Colonial Bishop of the established Church throughout the empire; at the end of the eighteenth century there were only six clergymen in all Canada. Within the last few years, especially under the auspices of the present able and excellent Bishop,

the prospects of the Church have much improved; the labours of the missionaries have been ceaseless, and they are rewarded with success in their sacred calling, though not by their own worldly advancement. Their lives are hard, toilsome, and full of privation; often they live with their families in bare and humble dwellings, unable from their poverty to keep up the outward appearances that conduce to worldly consideration, and deprived of the comforts and enjoyments to which their place and education entitle them. Wherever one of these worthy men is established, he is a centre, and acts as a stimulus for improvement as far as his narrow means go. The Church, in the influence of its fixed and steadfast principles, is a happy barrier against the wild and turbulent enthusiasm of dissent; in many instances, the various sects have joined its fold, to save themselves from their own extravagances.

The fantastic and mischievous absurdities of Millerism, have been widely spread in some portions of Canada; its apostles are chiefly men of little education or character, but many of their followers appear sincere and ardent believers. I shall again quote from the Bishop of Montreal's Visitation journal. "In the meetings of the Millerites, persons

acted upon by the vehement proclamation of close approaching judgment, enforced by the expedients usual in such cases for goading the human mind, fall into what are technically called *the struggles*, and roll on the floor of the meeting-house, striking out their limbs with an excess of violence; all which is understood to be an act of devotion with regard to some unconverted individual, who is immediately sent for, if not present, that he may witness the process designed for his benefit. Females are thus prompted to exhibit themselves, and I was credibly informed that, at Hatley, two young girls were thus in *the struggles*; the objects of their intercessions being two troopers quartered in the village. Revolting as such scenes may appear, yet, when mixed up with the awful realities of future judgment, they take a prodigious effect in the wilder and more sequestered part of a country, upon a large portion of the popular mind."

Fully one half of the population of Canada belong to the Church of Rome. The greater part of these are French-Canadians, the remainder Irish, or their descendants. For Lower Canada there are an Archbishop, two Bishops, two Bishop-Coadjutors, one hundred and seventy-five Churches, twenty Convents, and ten Colleges, or Seminaries. In Upper Canada there are a Bishop, and Bishop-

Coadjutor, and about seventy Churches. The Roman Catholic Church is very richly endowed in this country; the Island of Montreal and many Seigneuries of great value belong to it; one, St. Paul's Bay, contains a rich deposit of iron ore, also very pure rock iron: this district is not less than eighteen miles in extent, and, doubtless, will be a source of great wealth in future years; it contains, besides, valuable springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur and arsenic.

Very large funds are also derived from those who enter the convents: the rich are esteemed worthy brides of the Church, but the poorer sisters perform the menial offices. The twenty-sixth part of the grain grown by the Roman Catholics is always given by law to their Church: lately this portion of other produce has also been demanded with success, though the claim could not be enforced in a Court of Justice. When a parishioner changes his faith, this tithe need be no longer paid. The sums levied for Church services, masses for the living and the dead, baptisms and burials, are also very considerable. Not long since, a case occurred of the death of a Roman Catholic whose sons had been brought up in the faith of their Protestant mother: anxious to pay every mark of

respect to their father's memory, they applied to the Priesthood for the usual prayers and ceremonies for a person of his condition, and the charge for the various services amounted to one hundred and twenty pounds.

With but few exceptions, the Roman Catholic Clergy are very respectable in their education and conduct: loyal to the British Crown in the rebellion, they generally opposed the movement as much as lay in their power; and, although even their great influence was unable altogether to control the misguided people, they kept other disaffected portions of the country in peace. They look with extreme dislike and apprehension on any thing tending to bring them under the laws and institutions of the United States; the position of their Irish brethren at Philadelphia and elsewhere, is a lesson not thrown away upon them. Besides, they are well aware that their immense possessions would speedily undergo some new American process, for which an appropriate and peculiar name would, no doubt, soon be furnished; as have been the words Repudiation, Annexation, to other characteristic operations of this original people.

The French-Canadian Roman Catholic Priesthood are naturally very hostile to the increase and

progress of the English Protestant population, as, added to their national and religious prejudices against them, many farms falling into their hands are freed from the tithe to the Church. In the neighbourhood of the towns, and, indeed, in all the good situations, this process is going on with, for them, a most alarming rapidity. The rebellion in Lower Canada was, in a measure, against these settlers, and not against British rule; the jealousy of the French-Canadian inhabitants had then arrived at its height, and broke out in that feeble and petulant sedition. The Priesthood are by no means free from blame for encouraging this enmity of race, but they may be fairly acquitted of disloyalty to the government.

Among the Roman Catholics in this country, all the lower classes, and the females of the upper, are very devout and attentive to their religious duties; but among the well-educated men there is diffused not a little of the scoffing spirit of Young France. It must, however, be allowed, that the people of all ranks stand very high in the scale of morality: indeed, it has now become almost a matter of history when the gentlemen of the law last reaped aught from domestic misfortunes brought on by the neglect of its principles.

The remnant of the Indians who dwell within the bounds of Canada, profess the faith of Rome; and few are more attentive to the external observance of its duties than they. The squaw, are gifted with very sweet voices, and the singing in their rude village churches is sometimes charming.

Among the various sects of Protestant Dissenters, by far the most numerous and important are the Presbyterians; in Lower Canada they possess one hundred and forty Presbyteries, in the Upper Province nearly double that number. They are determined in their distinction from the Established Church, but generally by no means bitter in their hostility to it. I find in the Visitation Journal of the excellent Bishop of Montreal, already quoted, that he was offered hospitality on his tour by some of their ministers. This body of Clergy is supported by their share of the Clergy Reserves, and the voluntary contributions of their congregations.

I shall not enter into any further notice of the varied, and, unfortunately, numerous shades of opinions and sects, which pride, ignorance, fanaticism, and discontent, have spread among this portion of the Anglo-Saxon race. With regard to the sectarians of Canada, I regret to say that

nearly all have united to treat the Church of England as a common enemy; though here it is so innocent of the rich temporalities, which at home give virulence to their attacks.

Before I leave the subject of religion in Canada, I would wish to observe, with sincere pleasure, on the visitation of the Bishop of Montreal, during the summer of 1844, to the Red River settlement. A most interesting account of this was published in London last year, from which I take the following statements.

The Bishop of Montreal left Quebec in the middle of May, and performed his journey of two thousand miles in about six weeks. From a little beyond Montreal the whole of the distance was travelled in open canoes, up through the rapid waters of the Ottawa, and by wild lakes and winding rivers into Lake Huron, thence along the northern shore, and by the Manitoulin Islands, once sacred to the Great Spirit of the ancient people, through the little settlement at Saut Sainte Marie into the deep and dreary Lake Superior; thence up the Rainy River, over falls of wonderful height and beauty, through labyrinths of woody islands, and almost unknown lakes, till at length the journey's end was reached.

They encamped usually at night, but sometimes, when it was fair, the precious breeze was taken advantage of, even through the darkness ; large fires were lighted by the tent where they rested: but it was very cold at times, and during the day, the bright mosquitoes, and other venomous insects, were hard to bear.

Numbers of wild but friendly Indians were met, of fine frame and stature, but very low in the scale of human progress; they were willing to assist at the " Portages" and would labour all day long for a very trifle, particularly the squaws. Early on a Sabbath morning the Bishop reached the settlement, when he saw the same people in their Christian state. " Thus on the morning of the Lord's our blessed day, we saw them gathering already round their pastor, who was before his door; their children collecting in the same manner, with their books in their hands, all decently clothed from head to foot; a repose and steadiness in their deportment; at least the seeming indications of a high and controlling influence on their character and hearts; their humble dwelling, with the commencement of farms, and cattle grazing in the meadow; the neat, modest parsonage or mission-house, with its garden attached to it; and the

simple but decent church, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying on the face of them the promise of a blessing."

The congregation that day consisted of two hundred and fifty Indians dressed partly in the European manner. The morning service is performed in English, but the lessons were translated into the Indian tongue by the interpreter, as was also the Bishop's sermon. About two thirds of the congregation are said to understand a simple address in English, and soon, probably, no other language will be required.

The Bishop considers these Indians to be a thinking and intelligent people. The man acting as sexton had been a noted sorcerer or "Médecin" of the tribe. The stay of the Visitation at the Red River Settlement was limited to about three weeks, by the necessity of starting in time to finish the arduous journey before the setting in of the winter. The number of persons confirmed was eight hundred and forty-six, and would have been considerably greater, but that a large portion of the people were at that time of the year hunting on the Prairies, or busied with distant traffic to Hudson's Bay. There were also two ordinations for the

ministry. There are four Church of England churches in the settlement, two of stone and two of wood, also several well-attended schools, one, a private boarding school of a superior order.

Besides the numerous and respectable officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, there are scattered about the settlement several worthy retired factors or traders, some married to European, others to Indian wives; and among some of the residents there is far from a deficiency in comforts and habits of refinement. The whole population of the Red River Settlement is upwards of five thousand; rather more than half of these are Roman Catholics, the remainder belong to the Church of England. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are natives or half-breeds, the rest, Canadians and people from the British islands, with a few foreigners. They possess in plenty, barns, stables, mills, horses, sheep, pigs, and black cattle; the soil is wonderfully fruitful and easy of cultivation, but all produce is consumed on the spot; there is no market for its sale. Notes printed on coloured paper are issued by the Company for circulation in the colony.

The climate at the Red River much resembles that of Quebec, but is rather more severe in winter. Acts of violence by the Indians against any of the

people of the Hudson's Bay Company are scarcely known; the general treatment which they receive at the forts is such as to secure their attachment and respect, and they draw largely on the charity of the Europeans in times of want. The many thousand Indians scattered over these vast regions afford a wide field for the efforts of Christian men, but, sad to say, the means are at present lamentably insufficient. East of the Rocky Mountains there are six clergymen of the Church of England; west not one. The Red River Settlement is a happy example of the invaluable advantage, temporal and spiritual, which even this very limited ministry has afforded to the people.

Mr. Leith, a resident factor of the company, left a sum of ten thousand pounds some time ago, for the Propagation of the Gospel in this district, but it has, unfortunately, remained in litigation ever since. The Roman Catholic Church has two bishops and a very extensive mission in this western country, but the Church of the empire is humble and poor. In the year 1820, Mr. West, a missionary, first preached the pure gospel on the banks of the Red River.

At the time of the English conquest, there were in Canada several richly-endowed establishments

for the purposes of education. The seminaries of Quebec and Montreal were appropriated more particularly to the instruction of ecclesiastics, and the order of the Jesuits was entrusted with the general teaching of the people. These rich endowments are since continued to the same objects, with the exception of the estates of the Jesuits, which have been assumed by the crown. The grants to the seminary of Quebec are of great value, consisting of more than a thousand square miles of land, and some choice property in the city; those of Montreal are worth ten thousand pounds a year, at a low estimate. The estates of the order of the Jesuits were also great; a part of them have been disposed of by the crown, but the more valuable portion still remains, and produces a handsome income.

Several amply-endowed nunneries afford instruction to the female children in the towns and villages of this province.

After the confiscation of the estates of the Jesuits, up to the end of the last century, the means of education appear to have been very limited, insomuch that only a dozen or twenty people in a whole parish knew how to read: classics and the sciences were indeed taught at Montreal and Quebec, either quarterly or for a

nominal charge, but these benefits reached to very few. The English were allowed to avail themselves of this instruction; they were received without any distinction or partiality, and exempted from attending the religious duties.

In 1818, schools were generally established in Lower Canada, under a settled system, supported by a grant from the Provincial Legislature; but in 1832 this grant was reduced, and the year after discontinued altogether. A separate plan had been commenced in 1829, giving a school to every parish, under the care of trustees elected by the landholders, who were allowed to hold and manage the school property, and receive benefactions. Half the expense of building the house for instruction was borne by the province, and a yearly sum of twenty pounds during three years, to the schoolmaster, was also given, with some further allowance for the children of the poor, in proportion to their number; those who were able paid two shillings a month for their education. At this time there were thirteen hundred and forty-four elementary schools in Lower Canada, besides a certain number of girl schools, each attached to a Roman Catholic Church.

In 1836, two normal schools were established by the Legislature, and considerable grants of

money were made, for the purpose of training teachers for the country districts. Altogether, the appropriations at that period for the general purposes of education, averaged above twenty-four thousand pounds a year. At the present time, there are twenty seminaries or colleges, in Lower Canada, under the management of the Roman Catholic church exclusively, but there are only two Protestant colleges. One is the M'Gill College at Montreal, whose founder devised, in 1811, a valuable property in lands and buildings, and ten thousand pounds in money, for the object. This institution has the power of conferring degrees, and is in a flourishing condition. The other, the Lennoxville College, promises well, but is merely in its infancy. In Upper Canada, two hundred and twenty-six thousand acres of land are appropriated to King's College at Toronto, and sixty-six thousand to Upper Canada College. The Legislature also grants two thousand four hundred pounds annually for district and common schools, and about two hundred and thirty thousand acres of land are held for the purposes of general education. These colleges in Upper Canada have also the power of conferring degrees. The expense of a boarder in the proprietary school at Toronto is

thirty pounds a year—in the college thirty-three. From the Roman Catholic seminary colleges in the Lower Province, a student who has passed through certain classes has a right to be admitted to the Bar after four instead of five years' study.

A few years ago, the abuses and mismanagement of the public schools were very great, but at present they are working under a much improved system. It may be said that throughout the whole of Canada there are fair opportunities of elementary education for every one, except in the very remote and thinly-settled districts. In the Upper Province these privileges are appreciated to a greater extent than in the Lower; the *habitans* are scarcely persuaded of the necessity of being instructed; their better classes are rather indifferent on the subject; and some people go so far as to assert that the Roman Catholic priesthood in the rural districts are averse to the spread of enlightenment: they certainly need not feel alarm at the rapidity of its progress.

As mentioned in the portion of Lord Durham's report to which I referred in another part of this volume, the possession of rather a superior education by a certain number of young men perhaps very humbly born, is not attended with happy or useful results. We find these people too proud or

too idle to follow the lowly and toilsome occupations of their fathers; they are not sufficiently gifted to attain success in their ill-chosen professions, and, driven by want, disappointment, and discontent, into the ranks of sedition, they are willing to persuade themselves and others that they are debarred from getting on by political causes, or indeed by any cause, except that of their own incapacity; they dream of independence, *la nation Canadienne*, freedom from foreign rule, and all sorts of absurdities. In this bright and imaginative future, each young village surgeon or attorney fancies he is to play a conspicuous part, and by such inflated ideas he tries to move the sluggish minds and sympathies of his ignorant relations. The most successful of these ambitious embryo Robespierres and Dantons rises perhaps to be the editor of some obscure newspaper, the organ of their innocuous and contemptible sedition; or the representative of some "habitans" district, when the stipend attached to his seat in the provincial parliament saves him from penury and want.

But these seminaries of education in Lower Canada produce also some very worthy exceptions to the class of which I have just now spoken; and there is a considerable proportion of French-

Canadian gentlemen, whose character and acquirements entitle them to all respect and consideration.

The merchants of British birth or descent are naturally educated in very much the same way as their brethren at home, in a sound, practical, useful manner; any degree of classical proficiency is of course rare, but not altogether without instances; some are good linguists, all are generally well informed. They acquire at an early age the manners of men of the world, as their business brings them in contact with a number of people of various countries and of all classes. During the long winters, when all are bent solely upon amusement, they have also an opportunity of cultivating the habits and tastes of good society. Both the ladies and gentlemen in the large towns of Canada excel in manner; from their earliest youth they mix in the gaieties and amusements of their native place, and this acquirement is attained perhaps rather at a sacrifice of others, more solid but less graceful and attractive.

The young lady who might be sadly puzzled over a passage of Dante or Ariosto, and not very clear as to whether Schiller was a poet or a fiddler, would most probably do the honours of a

house with all the perfection and self-possession of a finished matron. But let it not be supposed for a moment that I make anything like a charge of ignorance against these fair Canadians, who are really among the most attractive of God's daughters—quite the contrary, they are all well-educated to the extent which general society requires of them; beyond that, they have no object to gain, and any one of them who aspired, would be placed in an almost unenviable isolation. Great numbers of the young ladies, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, are educated at the convents, the remainder generally at day-schools in the principal towns. Home education is very rare, from the difficulty and expense of finding suitable governesses. This time of tuition usually ends at sixteen years of age, soon after which time they enter the world, and their career of conquest commences.

At Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, there are good private classical and high schools, which afford fair opportunities of education for young gentlemen, at a very moderate expense; happily therefore it is less the custom now than it was formerly to send them for instruction to the

United States, where they were not likely to imbibe a strong feeling of affection and respect for the mother country and the British crown.

The lower classes of British birth and descent are, as a body, inferior in education to their neighbours in New England, but superior to the people of the southern and western States. One-fourth of their present number emigrated from the United Kingdom as adults, and were of a class which the spread of intelligence, now I trust rapidly progressing at home, had not at that time reached. Many of the British Canadians, too, were born in settlements then remote and thinly populated, though now perhaps thriving and crowded; and their early life was a constant toil and struggle for subsistence, leaving little leisure for education. The rising generation starts under brighter auspices.

The press in Canada is generally superior in respectability, if not in talent, to that of the United States. It cannot indeed be pronounced free from personalities, or from the wide license of party warfare, for I regret to say that of these some very discreditable instances have occurred, but they are exceptions; and the general rule is honesty and propriety. Quebec and Montreal have each eight or ten newspapers; about half of them, and not

the better half, are in the French language; Kingston has five, and Toronto seven; and all the towns of any importance in Upper Canada have at least one each. Nearly every shade of political opinion is advocated in these publications, but since the rebellion none of them openly profess republican views, or encourage a more intimate union with the United States: during the present difficulties with that people, even the extreme radical prints have put forward many articles warning the Americans that they are not to expect sympathy or co-operation from any party in Canada—that whatever disputes may be carried on about provincial affairs among themselves, they do not desire any foreign interference. William Lyon Mackenzie, the former leader of the Toronto sedition, has since published a book on the subject of that and subsequent events, from which it appears that his American sympathies have undergone wonderful diminution.

Canada has as yet contributed very little or nothing to general literature, but the youth of the country and the abundant necessary occupations of the people, readily account for this deficiency. Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, can boast of very respectable libraries, scientific and literary institu-

tions, and debating societies; the latter perhaps more important as an innocent and amusing pursuit, than from any great present or practical utility. There is also a French-Canadian Scientific and Literary Institution at Quebec, lately founded, and promising well for the future.

I say it with pleasure, that, within the last few years, the tone of the press, the prospects of literature, the means of instruction, and the desire of applying them, have received a great and salutary impulse of improvement throughout this magnificent province.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANNERS—POLITICS.—DEFENCES.

In Upper Canada the better class of people have generally the same manners and customs as those who are engaged in similar pursuits and occupations in England. So large a proportion are retired officers of the army and navy, government officials, and men brought up in the old country, who have settled and become landholders, that they give the tone to the remainder, and between them and their republican neighbours there is generally a marked difference in dress and manner. Among the lower classes, this distinction is by no means so evident; unfortunately, no small number of those dwelling on the borders readily adopt the ideas and manners of the Americans; indeed, many of them are refugees from the States. Those in the interior, however, retain in

a great degree the characteristics of the country, whence they or their fathers have emigrated.

With the exception of the Richelieu district, the peasantry of Lower Canada, both of English and French origin, are more pleasing, civil, and attractive in their demeanour, than those of the Upper Province. The people of St. John's, and other places, from the Richelieu River west to the St. Lawrence, are singularly unprepossessing; they have all the grossness and insolence of the worst class of the Americans, without their energy and spirit; besides, they are generally very much disaffected to the British Crown. They are a mixed race of British, French, and Americans, and this union is by no means happy in its results. To the traveller coming into Canada from the United States by that route, these people appear in most unfavourable contrast with their neighbours; their farms badly cultivated, their houses poor and dirty, and the race of men mean-looking and discontented.

While at St. John's, I made many efforts to find out the causes of their stagnation and ill feeling, but it was vain. They acknowledged that they had no taxes, that land was cheap, that Montreal was an excellent market for their pro-

duce, that no laws pressed upon them peculiarly or vexatiously. One man, indeed, said that, not being able to elect their Governor was a very great grievance, and on that account they could not consider themselves a free people. I suggested to him that this grievance, great as it was, need not have prevented him from mending his fence, through which, while we were speaking, half-a-dozen cattle had entered his field, and were performing Polkas on his young wheat. The fact is, that these turbulent mixed breeds are an indolent and worthless set of people, willing to attribute their unprosperous condition to English laws, rather than to their own demerits.

At one time the misuse of ardent spirits was very general in Upper Canada, with all its melancholy and disastrous consequences; it cannot be said that the evil is cured, but it is, certainly, much mitigated, and the consumption, proportionately to the population, has been diminishing for some years past. At one time, settlements were given to a number of disbanded soldiers, with a small commuted allowance for their pensions; this scheme proved eminently unsuccessful: when so many of these veterans were in the same neighbourhood, their old idle, and, in some cases, dissipated habits,

were not likely to be at once abandoned, and the dram-shop became the only prosperous place; their farms were carelessly and unskilfully cleared and tilled, their little capital soon wasted; and, in a very short time, the great majority of them had sold out their land for next to nothing, and were wandering about as beggars, thoroughly demoralized and discontented.

Old soldiers have generally been found to make very indifferent settlers, particularly when congregated; but there are many pleasing exceptions of worthy, loyal, and prosperous men.

The manner of servants to their masters, and of the lower classes generally to their superiors, is much the same as in England; tradespeople, too, hold a like relative position. Your bootmaker does not consider that it adds to his importance or real independence to sit down in your room with his hat on, and whistle and spit while he takes your measure, as his republican brethren in the United States would probably do. I made a small purchase from a man in a shop at Baltimore, who was smoking a cigar, chewing tobacco, and eating a peach at the same time; with so many pleasing and interesting occupations, he, of course, had not much leisure to spare for civilities to his customer.

With the exception of a few of the lowest class, the Canadians are quite free from those very disagreeable habits which are so unpleasantly general among the Americans. Chewing tobacco is not the fashion, and they reserve their saliva for other purposes than those of a projectile nature. Their manners, customs, and dress, are those of England, not of America; and in this there is a bond of union and sympathy, of which all astute politicians acknowledge the strength and value.

We may divide the political opinions of the people of Canada, as now represented in their Provincial Parliament, into four principal sections: first the Upper Canada Conservatives, who had been formerly altogether dominant in their own province, and went by the name of the Family Compact. Secondly, the Upper Canada Reformers, under the old system virtually excluded from office. Thirdly, the French-Canadians, the principals in the late troubles, strongly opposed to the union, which has weakened their power. Fourthly, the Lower-Canadian English, now become more influential in the United Parliament. It would be difficult to point out any one of these parties free from the love of place and patronage, or from a factious spirit; the anxiety for government employ-

ments is very great, and considerable sacrifices of prejudices are sometimes made to obtain or keep them. The struggle for place is even keener than at home, and, in proportion to the smallness of the object, and of the field in which it is to be won, there is less of dignity in the pursuit.

The Legislature consists of two houses, the Legislative Council, and the Legislative Assembly. The members of the first are appointed for life by the Crown, but have themselves the power of resigning; they are chosen from among those of the inhabitants of the county the most conspicuous for character, intelligence, and wealth, and are now by no means limited to any particular party. They are thirty-four in number at present, eighteen being resident in Upper, and fourteen in Lower Canada; ten members constitute a house for the despatch of business; their functions in the state correspond very nearly with those of the House of Lords in England, but the Bishops are not included among the members.

The Legislative Assembly consists of eighty-four members, half from each province; they are elected by the people. A freehold of forty shillings yearly value, or the payment of ten pounds rent annually, is the qualification for voters, which, in

point of fact, amounts almost to universal suffrage, one out of six of the whole population having the power of voting: generally, however, but a small portion exercise this privilege, and the registration is said to be very loose and imperfect. The Legislative Assembly is chosen for four years, but is at any time liable to be dissolved by the Governor's authority. The members receive fifteen shillings a day indemnity for their time devoted to the public service, and a shilling a mile for travelling expenses; a qualification of landed property to the value of five hundred pounds is necessary to retain a seat in the House.

The Executive Council, or ministry, consists of seven officials, who perform all the duties of administration, under the Governor. It is the aim of a powerful party in the province to make this body practically responsible to the House of Assembly, as the ministry in England is to the House of Commons, and that they should possess the whole patronage and control of their separate departments. In the present House of Assembly, the government or conservative party numbers about forty members; the French-Canadian twenty-seven, the Upper Canada Reformers eight; the rest are doubtful. The opposition is composed of

the second and third of these sections, with occasionally some of the doubtful; but, to say truth, there is now but little ground for division, except whether this or that party shall receive the emoluments of office: there is no great question on which they come into collision; that of Responsible Government is at rest as long as the ministers disapproving of it, have, as at present, an efficient majority in the House of Assembly.

In the debates which have taken place during this present Session, a highly loyal and satisfactory spirit has appeared among all parties in reference to our difficult relations with the United States. The leader of the Upper Canada Reformers expressed himself to the effect that, "The Americans will be altogether mistaken if they suppose that political differences in Canada arise from any sympathy with them or their institutions; we have our quarrels, but we are perfectly well able to settle them among ourselves, and will not suffer their interference." One of the most influential French-Canadians, in speaking of a bill introduced for reorganizing the militia, said, "My countrymen would be the first to rush to the frontier and joyfully oppose their breasts to the foe; and the last shot fired on this continent in the defence of the

British Crown, will be by the hand of a French-Canadian: we are by habit, feeling, and religion, monarchists and conservatives." This militia bill has been judiciously referred to a committee composed of men of various race and opinions, who will popularize its provisions without impairing its efficiency. All parties appear sincerely anxious to make this important force as effective as possible, and at the same time naturally desire a fair share of its patronage.

Perhaps the political state of Canada was never so satisfactory as at present: the opposition is utterly at a loss for any monster grievance to stir men's minds; the masses are contented, and now wise enough to know how injurious their former dissensions were. In the Parliament, elected by nearly universal suffrage, the tone is decidedly conservative, and it is almost unanimous in expressions of loyalty to the Crown, and regard for British connection. The debates are generally carried on with great propriety, and there are several very good speakers and valuable men of business.

There is no doubt that great good to Canada has been the ultimate effect of the rebellion, though productive at the time of so much suffering and

loss of life; the discontented and turbulent found out their weakness, the well disposed their strength. Sir Francis Head's daring policy of trusting altogether to the loyalty of the people, and sending away the soldiery, was most happy in its consequences. It is evident to all that since then a better and more confident spirit animates the men of Upper Canada; indeed, subsequently to Mackenzie's discomfiture at Toronto, very few British subjects joined the invading sympathizers.

In Lower Canada the numbers implicated in the troubles proved to be very small, compared to the masses of the population. The attention of the Home Government has been, since these events, much more actively engaged with this country; many real grievances have been removed, great sums advanced for public works, the union effected, and, though some still complain, it is acknowledged by all parties that there is a great improvement in the mode of distributing the provincial patronage. This last always has been—and always will be a very tender point in Canada, and it is, certainly, but right that all offices in the colony, that of the Governor and his personal staff, of course, excepted, should be exclusively filled by the inhabitants of

the province, and with as fair a proportion with regard to race as circumstances may admit of.

It would also be highly politic to strengthen the tie of affection between the mother country and the colony by more frequently bestowing naval and military appointments among the people of the latter who may be properly qualified for them, as also the titles and honorary marks of royal favour, suitable to the merits and services which might be brought under notice. The gallant De Salaberry was surely worthy of such reward, and he by no means stood alone. There could also be found men, who from their civil services, fortunes, and social position, have claim amply sufficient to justify the bestowal of the junior grades of hereditary rank. At this present time there is not a Peer resident in this country, and but two Baronets.

With regard to the people, I believe there is none in the world so lightly taxed, or more free, to the fullest extent of rational liberty; the legislation with regard to the titles of land is peculiarly favourable to them; when they settle as tenants on an estate they can at any time oblige the landlord to sell them their holding, if they can produce the purchase-money, and this, with common in-

dustry and prudence, they may very soon accumulate from the produce of their farms.

Among the Americans, in discussing the subject of a war with England, it is very usual to hear it asserted that, with twenty or thirty thousand militia, Canada could be overrun in a few weeks; and this ignorant belief causes many to long for the opportunity of this easy but glorious conquest. They should be informed that any hopes founded on the state of things in the last war will prove fallacious. In 1812, Upper Canada was a thinly-peopled country and a wilderness, occupied by a rude race of poor and ignorant labourers, who furnished but indifferent *matériel* for soldiers, and were without a class qualified to act as officers. Since then, numerous immigrants of a far better class have joined the original inhabitants, including a very large proportion of retired officers of the army and navy, who have received grants of land from the government. Within the last twenty years, several entire Scottish clans, under their chiefs—McNabs, Glengaries, and others, worthy of their warlike ancestors, have migrated hither. Hardy and faithful men from the stern hills of Ulster, and fiery but kind-hearted peasants from the South of Ireland, with sturdy, honest yeomen from Yorkshire and Cumberland, have

fixed their names in the Canadian forests: these immigrants, without losing their love and reverence for the Crown and Laws of their native country, have become attached to their adopted land, where their stake is now fixed, and are ready to defend their properties and their government against any foreign invasion or domestic treason.

When the war of 1812 commenced, there were in the whole of Canada only four regiments of regular infantry, and four companies of artillery, numbering altogether less than two thousand four hundred men. But history tells us how disastrous were the results to the invaders even when opposed to so feeble a force; the surrender of General Hull with his whole army and the territory of Michigan —the defeat at Chrystler's farm—the rout and slaughter at Queenstown with the capture of half the assailants. But, in those days, the same false ideas of the facility of the conquest of Canada were held by the great mass of the Americans, as those which delude them at the present day. However, the necessity of great sacrifices and severe suffering soon brought on a more just and sober view of the question, as no doubt would be the case again.

The British government, determined to preserve this colony in the event of a war, has been for the

last quarter of a century at a great expense in improving its defences and military communications. Quebec has been placed, as far as human skill is capable, beyond the chances of American war. Works of strength and importance have been erected on the island near Montreal, and others are now in preparation; from the improvement of roads, and steam-boats, a large force could be collected to defend them at a very short notice. Kingston is secure in its martello towers and present fortifications against anything but the systematic attack of a large regular army, supported by an overpowering naval force. Toronto would prove defensible against militia, and a serious obstacle even to trained troops. Along the frontier of Lower Canada are several works which would also embarrass the advance of an invading army.

There are at present in Canada seven companies of artillery, eleven regiments of infantry, three troops of excellent provincial cavalry, and a negro company of a hundred men on the frontier; between seven and eight thousand effective men in all, nearly as large a force in regular troops as the whole army of the United States. The nominal strength of the Canadian militia is about one hundred and forty thousand men, being the whole of

the population capable of bearing arms; one-fourth of these might be made active and effectual, without putting a stop to the various industrial pursuits of the country; numbers of the retired officers would be able and willing to command them; several thousand non-commissioned officers—arms, ammunition, clothing, and pay, can be readily supplied from England; and the arsenals of Canada are already sufficiently supplied with artillery of all kinds, carriages, and equipment, for the commencement of a war. From these few statements as to the position of the country, even unaided by troops from England, it may be seen that the present popular notion prevailing in the United States, of an easy Canadian conquest, is undoubtedly a blind and fallacious one.

In the late war, the strength of the British power was employed in the Peninsula, the East and West Indies, Africa, and Sardinia. Her navy had to blockade nearly all the principal ports and rivers of Europe, she was compelled to keep fleets in the Mediterranean and Baltic seas, in the Pacific Ocean, and off the coast of India: at no period of her history had she such limited means to spare for a struggle on the American Continent.

At this present moment, her position is exactly

the reverse of what it then was: she is in close and intimate relations of friendship with the European powers, and sympathized with by all in her stand against the grasping policy of her republican offspring. The almost miraculous victories of Ferozeshah and Sobraon, have rivalled the glories of Macedon, and given peace to her Indian empire, with an incalculable increase of moral power over the hundred millions of its inhabitants. Forty thousand splendid troops and a magnificent artillery are ready at a day's notice in the British islands, the troops burning with military ardour, and flushed with the triumphs of their brethren in the East; while an organized militia and ten thousand effective pensioners, are prepared to take their place in the towns and garrisons at home.

A dozen line-of-battle ships can leave her ports in a few hours, and more than one hundred armed steamers bear her flag; the greater number of these could reach the Western Lakes, and at once establish her superiority there. The excitement of war, and the splendid prospects of prize-money, would speedily attract into the naval service as many as could be required, of the two hundred thousand merchant seamen registered as belonging to her marine.

A distinguished American general officer, of great experience in the wars of this continent, lately stated it as his opinion, that any attempt to invade Canada with less than a hundred thousand men would prove a failure; one half of these, at least, to be regular troops, accompanied by a large park of artillery, and backed by the command of the Lakes. This estimate may appear large to his countrymen, but I am convinced it is even insufficient. If a war be once fairly commenced, the Americans will be under the necessity of employing an enormous military force; the number of men necessary for the defence of the whole Atlantic coast will far exceed that required for the invasion of Canada; as New York, Boston, and the southern seaports would all be threatened by British fleets.

In such case, no calculation could be founded on the number of men to be obtained from these maritime States, for all would be required at home; therefore the force to cross the St. Lawrence must be raised exclusively from the Western Country, Vermont, and New Hampshire. Canada, then, if invaded at all, will give abundant employment to these levies; the Atlantic States will be hard pressed to defend their coasts; while the terrors

of insurrection, and the invasion of black troops from the West Indies will paralyse the south. This war with England, so ignorantly and flippantly talked of, will be no gentle tourney; all other pursuits and occupations of the people must yield to it; the conscription must allow no exception or relaxation; commerce and their merchant navy must be sacrificed; an enormous debt and weight of taxation incurred; with the imminent risk of national bankruptcy, and the dissolution of the Union.

Mexico burns for revenge; at the first favourable moment, her wild and reckless population will swarm into the south-western States; backed by England, with British officers, ammunition, and money, the coast protected by her fleets, the council directed by her wisdom—even this lost and ruined republic would prove a dangerous foe. There is yet another race who hate these grasping citizens of the United States with an undying hatred; feeble and unmanageable in any combined action as they are, and incapable of making permanent impression—those, nevertheless, who have intruded on the territory of those wild men, who are thinly-scattered along a frontier of civilization of thou-

sands of miles, know how to dread the horrors of an Indian war.

I have attempted to shew that England's means of defending Canada are amply sufficient for any emergency; but the desire to exercise these means would probably last only so long as her protection was sought for by the people of the country, and the connecting tie was mutually advantageous. It would be neither policy nor interest to retain forcible possession of a discontented, mutinous, and unprofitable province. But a wise and generous government will prevent the possible occurrence of such a state of things; judicious arrangements of commercial intercourse will secure some of the strongest feelings of the human mind in favour of the connection, and a liberal and enlightened policy, creating a spirit of attachment to, and confidence in British rule, will enlist also the noblest and warmest sympathies in the cause.

I shall speak more fully in another place of the proposed railroad from Halifax to Quebec, and its surely beneficial effects to these provinces. When it is accomplished, with its extension to Toronto, and even Sandwich, on one side, and the extremity of the Golden Horn of Cape Breton on

the other, grand and gigantic as the scheme may appear, it is one by no means improbable or even remote; I should rejoice to see all the British North American possessions, Newfoundland included, united under a central colonial government, and represented in a common legislature; each, however, still retaining its own assemblies for local and particular purposes.

It would have the effect of nationalizing "England in the New World," as distinct from America. Plans for mutual advantage and assistance between the provinces could be more readily and efficiently carried out; the separate and French feeling of a considerable portion of the people would be weakened, if not in their own hearts, at least in its evil influences on the country; the loyalty of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the energy and activity of Upper Canada, would act on each other with reciprocal improvement; then additional confidence and self-respect would be felt by the inhabitants of what would have become a powerful and important State; and the secondary condition of scattered colonies merge into the dignity of a united nation.

With more than two millions of people, a vast territory, admirable intercommunication, varied

and inexhaustible resources, and the military support and protection of the mother country, this British America would not yield in importance to the gigantic but unwieldy and disjointed Republic itself. The principle of government in these united provinces should be, as much as possible, centralization, in order to break or smooth down the differences of origin and local feeling; a perfectly free Legislative Assembly, with a vigorous and judicious executive, patronage fairly distributed and scrupulously confined to the people of the country, a liberal but not extravagant distribution of honours for civil and other services and merits, the perfect independence of the judicial bench, and the Legislative Council beyond the popular control, but at the same time as little as possible under the influence of the prerogative.

It would be difficult to decide whether Montreal or Quebec is better fitted for the future metropolis of such a country. Montreal stands in a richer district, has better and more general communications, a much more convenient river frontage, and, from the level nature of its site, allows of greater regularity in building and an unlimited extension; it is also one-fifth more populous and undeniably the handsomer and more thriving city of the two.

The objections are that it is not central, and what is much more important—that it is unpleasantly near the frontier of the United States, and from the constant and easy communication with them, more liable to the influences of their ideas and example; besides, in case of collision between the two countries, it is the first point of attack that presents itself, and, as a military position, is difficult of defence. The occupation of the capital by a hostile force is at all times a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to a people.

Quebec would be nearer the centre of the great line of railroad and water communication; its intercourse is much more intimate with England than with the United States; and it is safe from even the apprehension of being overrun by an enemy's army; on the plains of Abraham, beyond the suburbs of St. Roch, and on the northern bank of the river St. Charles, is ample space for any requisite extension: a tract of sand, dry at low water, stretching into the basin of the river St. Lawrence, might very easily be reclaimed to continue the Lower Town for a considerable extent as a river frontage, which would at the same time improve and deepen the channel of St. Charles. Altoge-

ther, from the political and military advantages of the position, Quebec appears preferable.

Many wise and worthy people may suspect a danger in thus strengthening into a nation these detached colonies, and quote with uneasiness the case of the States of America when they met in Congress at Philadelphia. But their case was, in reality, widely different, they had been suffering for years under certain wrongs and injuries inflicted by a despotic and feeble government; the rare and difficult communication between them and England weakened the ties of interest and identity, and increased their chances of success in opposition; the profligate administration of patronage, the careless and contemptuous system of colonial management, stirred up a resistance among them which there were neither energy nor resources to overcome. But now each day brings England and her American children into closer and more familiar relation. English prices raise or depress their markets; her population supplies vigorous reinforcements to that of these provinces; her victories spread rejoicing and honest pride among her western people;—her difficulties fling their shadows even over the sunny banks of the St. Lawrence.

There are two great tendencies constantly at work in these colonies—one to make them British, the other American. Ten years ago the current favoured the latter, now, it runs strongly for the former; we should foster it, train it, honour it; not by unnatural and unhealthy enactments in favour of some pet portion of their commerce, not by lavish expenditure on works of little importance and enormous difficulty—but we should foster it in justice—train it in justice—honour it in justice—"do to them as we would be done by."

The tendency towards America is a rank and noisome weed; it grows up in coarse luxuriance among the profligate and discontented, through the mongrel population of the Richelieu and the borders of the eastern townships. In the villages of the Niagara district, where neglected advantages and dissolute morals have brought on premature decay—there it flourishes, there is its strength; among such will it find sympathy.

But among the worthy, the educated, and the prosperous, lies the strength of the tendency to England. The more respectable of the ministers of religion, whatever its form or creed; the wealthy and intelligent merchants, the influential country gentlemen; these form a strong connecting link.

But, most of all, the honest emigrant draws close the bond between the fatherland and his adopted soil; he perhaps has already half won the prize of competence in this new country, but still keeps treasured in the warmest place in his heart, the memory of his early home—of the blessed village church hallowed for centuries by the prayers of the good and faithful of his people, and of that holy spot beside its walls where the grass grows green over his father's grave.

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